

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1383.—December 3, 1870.

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## POETRY.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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## IN VACATION.

How wonderful this pilgrimage!  
On every side new worlds appear.  
I weigh the wisdom of the sage,  
And find it wanting here.

I crave the tongue that Adam knew,  
To question and discourse with these,—  
To taunt the jay with jacket blue,  
And quarrel with the bees.

To answer when the grossbeak calls  
His mate; to mock the catbird's screech;  
The sloven crow's, with nasal drawls,  
The oriole's golden speech.

Now through the pasture, and across  
The brook, while flocks of sparrows try  
To quit the world, and wildly toss  
Their forms against the sky.

A small owl from the thistle-tops  
Makes eyes at me, with blank distrust,  
Tips off upon the air, and drops,  
Flat-footed, in the dust.

The meadow-lark lifts shoulder-high  
Above the sward, and, quivering  
With broken notes of ecstasy,  
Slants forth on curvèd wing.

The patient barn-fowls strut about,  
Intent on nothing every one.  
A tall cock hails a cock without,  
A grave hen eyes the sun.

The clear-eyed cattle calmly stop  
To munch the dry husk in the rack;  
Or stretch their solid necks, and crop  
The fringes of the stack.

But night is coming, as I think;  
The moving air is growing cool;  
I hear the hoarse frog's hollow chink  
Around the weedy pool.

The sun is down, the clouds are gray,  
The cricket lifts his trembling voice.  
Come back again, O happy day,  
And bid my heart rejoice!

Public Opinion.

## AUTUMN TIME.

I sing the mellowed autumn time;  
The russet pears, the scarlet haws, the yellow  
sheaves of autumn time.

The fading, falling autumn time;  
The rustling leaves, the saddened winds, the  
pallid mists of autumn time.

The scented, fragrant autumn time;  
The clover balls, the moorland heath, the fresh-  
ploughed earth of autumn time.

The sober, tranquil autumn time;  
The chastened noons, the steadfast stars, the  
purple glooms of autumn time.

The sweet, soft sounds of autumn time;  
The twittering birds, the bleating flocks, the  
plaining streams of autumn time.

The resting, patient autumn time;  
The close-reaped fields, the dew-drenched grass,  
the low-streaked skies of autumn time.

The grand, prophetic autumn time;  
For ripened hearts and sweetened souls called  
home to God at autumn time.

Chambers' Journal.

## ISLE OF PURBECK.

GREAT landmarks here are wound through  
little space  
Half circled by the sea,  
Mid such tranquillity  
As most in scenes most pastoral doth hold its  
place.

A double range of hills, as with a fence  
Of nature's own device,  
With one sole orifice  
Shuts in the sloping valley's half circumference.

Pastures are large and sloping down the vale,  
In undulations green,  
With winding lanes between,  
And high upon the cliff that fronts the southern  
gale.

Wild heath, outstretching far behind the lines  
Of semi-circling hills,  
A wide expanse fulfils,  
And with the deep blue distance distantly com-  
bines.

Small bays between brown cliffs, bays blue  
and clear,  
Homesteads in meadows green,  
With many gates between,  
And hanging woods in shade, their varied forms  
uprear.

Within the arc of hills a soft repose,  
As if from by-gone days,  
Enslaves the sympathies,  
And unto local love affection doth dispose.

The Month.

Translated for The Living Age.  
A LILPUTIAN REPUBLIC.

THE REPUBLIC OF GERSAU.

BY ADOLPHE GAUTIER.

ON the Lake of the Four Cantons, on the right, or north side of that part called the Bay of Buochs, lies a little valley, the steep sides of which form the beds of two torrents, that rush down from the three secondary summits of Mount Righi. These three summits, forming an amphitheatre, are from 4800 to 5200 feet high; they slope precipitously into the lake, to the east and west of the valley of which we speak, and isolate it so much from the surrounding country that there are no means of access to it, except from the lake, or through narrow mountain paths. On the shore, at the end of this valley, are seen the white houses of the village of Gersau.

Situated in one of the most picturesque parts of Switzerland, inhabited by an active and industrious population, surrounded by orchards, woods and pastures, this village has a distinct physiognomy; and, by its appearance of comfort and wealth, more resembles one of the chief towns of the Little Cantons,\* than the other villages of the adjacent country. You see a pretty church, lately built, a large hotel, several handsome residences, and two large silk factories, lit by gas. A road, recently opened, connects Gersau with Brunnen and the rest of the Canton of Schwytz, and now the inhabitants hear the rumbling of carriages, which their fathers never did. In the neighbourhood is the fine thermal establishment of the Righi Scheidegg, where, during the summer many strangers follow the cure, and breathe the fresh Alpine air; and on the shore of the lake, most romantically situated, is the Chapel of Infanticide, (Kindlimord), built near a rock, whence, according to tradition, a minstrel precipitated his child, who asked him for bread.

The valley and its slopes formed the territory of the old Free and Sovereign State of Gersau. Its greatest length is one league and a quarter, and extends from

the promontory of the Obere Nase, the boundary of Lucerne, to a little east of the Chapel of Infanticide, the boundary of Schwytz. Its greatest width is three-quarters of a league, and extends from the lake to the boundary mark, placed a few paces behind the water-cure establishment of the Righi Scheidegg. The boatmen of the lake declare that five hundred and fifty strokes of the oar suffice to go from one end of the Republic to the other, but nearly twice that amount is necessary.

In the beginning of this century, the population comprised only twelve hundred and ninety-four inhabitants; the last census shows seventeen hundred and forty. They live by raising cattle, fishing, navigation, and the manufacture of silk, not only in the two factories, of which we have spoken, but in their own houses.

The topographical shape of Gersau has contributed, in isolating it from the rest of the world, towards giving it a peculiar character. History has confirmed the work of nature; it shows us this diminutive district living upon its own resources, during several centuries, and forming an independent State, of which one of its historians has truthfully said that, if there existed no smaller republic, neither was there a happier one.

The first historical document in which mention is made of Gersau, is an act dated 1064, enumerating the possessions of the Abbey of Muri. Among these possessions figures "all the territory of Gersau," (Gersove per totum), but nothing is said of how the Abbey originally came into possession. Whether of old, or recent date, these possessions and rights were not destined to remain, for a long time, in the hands of the same proprietor, for in 1247 Muri possessed only the church and its dependencies, and a twelfth part of the ecclesiastical tithes. This loss to them was to the advantage of the Counts of Habsburg, who, as treasurers, (Kastvogt), of the Abbey, exercised justice in its name and held certain possessions, among them a domain called the Court of Gersau, the inhabitants of which were their vassals.

The yoke of the Habsburgs was much heavier than that of the abbots of Muri, and although the inhabitants, except those

\* The Cantons of Uri, Schwytz and Unterwalden, the original founders of the Swiss Confederation, are generally thus designated.

of the Court, were not vassals, their condition was but little better; they were oppressed with taxes and duties of every kind, which deprived them of all feeling of security for their property.

Even the most powerful nobles of the Middle Ages were often in want of money; and this doubtless happened to the Habsburgs, when, towards the end of the thirteenth century they mortgaged the domain of Gersau to the Barons of Ramstein, who in their turn re-mortgaged it to the Von Moos family, of Lucerne. This was a benefit to the people, as a document of the period shows an increase in the number of landholders and that the Ammann, a judicial functionary, was a bourgeois of Gersau. The community, in acquiring greater wealth and importance, was steadily becoming emancipated. It was the period when the founders of the Swiss Confederation made treaties of alliance, in order to resist the design of the House of Austria to transform into a political sovereignty the feudal rights transmitted to it by inheritance in the Waldstetten. Gersau was included in these treaties from 1332, but its name only appears in the act renewing the alliance in 1359. This document states that Gersau and Weggis take the same oath as the four Cantons and enjoy the same rights. By an additional act Gersau and Weggis declare their acceptance of the compact and promise aid to the Cantons, whenever they may demand it.

The political independence of Gersau was thus recognized by those who had shown that they were capable of acquiring and maintaining their liberty and who despised no aid, however small, such as Gersau could give. This assistance was never wanting. It was asked from 1396, when the Confederation, having increased in size, was attacked by the grasping Habsburgs, who were completely beaten at the battle of Sempach. The Gersovians fought side by side with the Confederates and carried off, as a trophy, the banner of Hohenzollern, which hung nearly four hundred years in the church at Gersau, until it was stolen by a German dyer, living there. Another trophy also belongs to the same period; it is a portrait of the Duke of Austria, killed at Sempach, and is

still to be seen at the town-hall. Finally, another proof of the presence of the Gersovians on the battle-field is that, in the enumeration of the Swiss who fell on that day, the name of Camenzind appears. This name is that of the oldest and most influential family of Gersau; it exists there only and has always occupied and does to this day the most conspicuous and honourable position.

Although Gersau had obtained its political independence, it was not yet entirely free. According to the existing treaties the Von Moos family still retained their feudal rights, and these rights might, under certain circumstances, compromise the independence of the Gersovians. This had happened to the neighbouring government of Weggis, which, up to that time, had had the same destiny as Gersau. In the beginning a vassal of the Abbey of Pfäfers, then of the House of Habsburg, Weggis, with its dependency, Vitznau, had been mortgaged to Lucerne, which had established a bailiff there. Under the government of such a city as Lucerne, liberty was in great danger; and although the Gersovians were very happy under the easy yoke of the Von Mooses they were in constant dread lest their rights should some day be sold by them, as the lords of Weggis had done. Consequently they resolved to make every sacrifice in their power, in order to purchase for themselves their seigniorial rights. During ten years they submitted to the greatest privations and, by persistence and self-denial, succeeded in amassing three thousand four hundred and fifty florins, — an enormous sum for the times, — which sum had been agreed upon between their lords and themselves. On the 3d of June, 1390, a deputation of four notables of Gersau went to Lucerne and, in the presence of witnesses, paid over the sum collected into the hands of Peter, John and Agnes Von Moos, whose father, the avoyer, had been killed at Sempach. The Von Mooses gave a receipt for the money, in which they surrendered forever to the inhabitants of Gersau all their seigniorial rights. This receipt is preserved among the archives of Gersau.

Complete success crowned the perse-



verance of the citizens and their devotion to the love of liberty; they had obtained their entire independence, their property was no longer submitted to the restrictive rights of feudalism, the pastures and forests became government property, and the people could govern themselves and exercise justice without appeal. A constitution, based upon that of the neighbouring states, was adopted, which remained the supreme law of the land for nearly four hundred years, without change or amendment.

According to this constitution the people are sovereign and govern themselves, assembled in *Landsgemeinde*. This assembly, composed of all the citizens, was held regularly every year, in the month of May, on the Sunday following the Elevation of the Cross. Its decision upon all important matters was final. It chose the different state-officers; these were the *landammann*, the president of the Council, who, during two years held the supreme direction of affairs; the *statthalter*, or assistant to the *landammann*; the treasurer, charged with the administration of the public property, the payment of expenses and the division of the surplus revenue among the citizens; the *sautier*, the *capitaine du pays*, the secretary of State, and finally the Council, composed of nine members, who exercised an administrative and judiciary power. In important cases the number of the Council was doubled, or trebled, each member selecting, outside of his own family, one or two colleagues. Thus for civil cases appeal could be made from the ordinary Council to the double, or treble one. Criminal cases were always tried by the treble Council and the opinion was final. Capital punishment being one of the prerogatives derived from the Von Mooses, the republic erected a gibbet, but either from want of room to construct it upon *terra firma*, or, in order that it should be in sight of the passers-by, it was placed on the shore of the lake and the foundation is to be seen to this day. It does not appear that this instrument was ever used; not that there was no capital punishment, but that the condemned were not hanged.

There were few poor in Gersau, either

on account of the value of the public property, or in consequence of the later development of industry; nevertheless there was a relief-fund, made up by contribution and especially destined for the sick. In this last century this fund amounted to nearly a thousand florins. In connection with this subject, we will mention an old and very curious custom. Every year, on the Sunday following Ascension Day, the fête of the vagabonds was celebrated. Beggars, wanderers and rogues of every country came there. Encamped with their families in the outskirts of the village, they began by taking up a collection, under the surveillance of an officer appointed by the Council, and they then passed two days in feasting and dancing. Early Tuesday morning they departed, to return the following year. Out of gratitude for the hospitality they received in Gersau the vagabonds, by mutual agreement, abstained from theft and all other offences, while the fête lasted. This custom did not pass away until, after the Restoration, the Federal Diet had taken severe measures against it.

The arms of the Republic were *gueules parti d'azur*; these colors were on the banners and were worn by the secretary of State and the bailiff; the first of these officers wore a blue cloak, the second a red one. The seal of State represents St. Marcel, patron of the church, sitting on a throne and giving the benediction.

A short time after the young Republic was constituted, it was troubled by quarrels with Lucerne. This city had taken possession of Weggis; it pretended to have a sort of superiority over the three Cantons and wished to exercise protecting rights over Gersau. Its demands were principally based on the two following points: first, the renewal of the oath of alliance of Gersau with the four Cantons, by its representatives, was to take place not at Gersau, but at Lucerne, which would be an acknowledgment of dependence; and secondly, the quota of Gersau was to go to the aid of the three other Cantons only in case Lucerne did not itself demand it. Gersau protested and Weggis, which, as well as Viznau, was struggling in the grasp of Lucerne, protested also. The three Can-

tons joined in the protest and long and complicated legal disputes followed, in which both sides became much excited. The disinterested Cantons acted as mediators, arbiters were chosen who could agree, and both parties left the decision of the question to the avoyer of Berne, Rudolph Hofmeister. The decision was only given in 1431, and was as follows: first the cause of Gersau is distinct from that of Weggis; second, Gersau must renew the oath on its own territory, while Weggis and Vitznau must do so at Lucerne; third, the quota of Gersau must go to the aid of that one of the four Cantons which first demands it, while Weggis must obey the summons of Lucerne and must not aid the other Cantons unless Lucerne declare it has no objection.

By this decision, accepted by both parties, Weggis saw its state of subjection confirmed, while the right and independence of Gersau were solemnly recognized and established. But the approval of the Emperor was still indispensable, in order that the Republic might be safe from all encroachments and claims. For the purpose of being acknowledged as dependent upon the Emperor, that is to say, free from all feudal bonds, the community, in 1433, sent a deputation to the Emperor Sigismund, who was then present at the Council, in Basle. The Emperor received the envoys of the little State very graciously and sent them a letter, with the great imperial seal, in which all its rights and privileges were guaranteed. This letter, of which the original is still preserved among the archives of Gersau, was the crowning point of the liberty of the Republic. From this time, safe from all attacks, its efforts were directed towards the development of its nationality, its wealth and its civil life. The history of Gersau only relates this slow, but steady development, as well as the numerous military expeditions, in which the citizens were obliged to join with its allies, the other Cantons, whenever they carried on war — which happened very often.

At the time of the war against Zurich, Gersau sent its quota of twenty men to join the army of Schwytz, which had demanded the federal aid, and it also sent its cartel to the Zurichese, with the other Cantons.

Later, Gersau also marched with Schwytz against Burgundy. Its name is mentioned in the catalogue of the division of the booty and in the enumeration of the wounds received.

It was during this war that the commu-

nity acquired its ecclesiastical independence. The investiture of the church of St. Marcel, originally belonging to Muri, had passed from the abbey to others, and belonged at the end of the fifteenth century to Barbe de Rott, who gave it to his cousin, Jean de Buettikon, who, in his turn, gave it to the community of Gersau. From that time the citizens chose their own curate and administered the funds of the church. Very few catholic countries to-day enjoy such an ecclesiastical independence.

Shortly afterwards a conflict arose between Gersau and Lucerne, which might have brought about serious results. It was necessary to fix upon the boundary line between the two States, on the mountain, where, as yet, no mark had been placed, owing to the small value of the ground. Each one claimed a portion of an alp, neither would yield; blows were given and received, cattle were stolen on both sides, to say nothing of the language used. After many parleys, mediators settled the question in favor of Lucerne, to the great discontent of the Gersovians; and probably then took place what is well known to this day and which we will mention. Some of the inhabitants of Lucerne, to make fun of the fact that, owing to the diminutive size of Gersau the gibbet never had a client, hanged upon it a straw mannikin. The Gersovians left it there, but dressed it in blue and white, the colors of Lucerne. The Lucernese were angry and demanded reparation for the insult. The three Cantons, chosen as mediators, decided that both parties were in the wrong, condemned Gersau to take off the livery and Lucerne to take away the mannikin. This wise and prudent decision ended the trouble.

Soon the common danger much strengthened the bonds which united Gersau with its allies. That worst of all civil wars, a religious one, desolated Switzerland, during the year 1531. The Waldstetten, (the four Cantons), sent an united request that the Republic should aid them with all its powers. Immediately the banner of St. Marcel was unfurled and a quota of an hundred men joined the Catholic army and took part in the battle of Cappel. There exists to-day, at the town-hall in Gersau, a trophy of this battle: a shield of Zurich, inlaid with gold and silver, which must have been the badge of the Zurichese herald, or bailiff.

After this war, the Republic enjoyed a period of profound peace. A little nation of less than a thousand souls, with no

troubles at home, felt but very little the troubles and wars which were agitating the rest of Europe; and the more so as enlistment in foreign armies was neither considered an honor, nor even permitted. It was only much later that it was tolerated while never either protected, or encouraged, by the authorities.

Peace continued until an incident, trifling at first, threatened the ruin of the interesting little State. This affair, known as the Kuettel conflict, is the principal event in the history of Gersau, until the invasion of the French, in 1798.

In 1528 the government of Gersau had granted to five fathers of families the rights of citizenship, under certain conditions; they were obliged to follow the decision of the majority of the people, never to take part in the troubles between the citizens and to submit all their own quarrels to the tribunals of Gersau. In case the new citizens should fail in their engagements, the Republic reserved the privilege of depriving them of their citizenship. During more than a century the newly-naturalized families lived peacefully with the old inhabitants; several of their members held positions under the government. One of these families, named Kuettel, became very numerous, a second increased but little, and the other three soon died out.

In 1634, a Kuettel, in speaking of his right of citizenship, made use of an expression irritating to his fellow-citizens. He was reported to have said that he would not give two coppers for this right. Thereupon there was great indignation; the landsgemeinde assembled and declared the Kuettels and Zweiers to have forfeited their positions and privileges, but allowed them to appeal to the tribunals. A minority of four voices only disagreed with this decision and sided with the Kuettels.

Convinced that the tribunals would not decide impartially, the Kuettels demanded the mediation of Schwytz and Uri, which increased the animosity of the Gersovians. The four citizens composing the minority were included in the same condemnation, and deprived of their positions and their rights. The community was divided into two parties, each one so hostile to the other, that the allied Cantons interested themselves and tried to bring about a compromise. It was almost necessary to use force, in order to make the parties consent to lay the matter before the delegates of the Cantons. They, having heard the whole story, obliged the community to restore the Kuettels and the minority to

their old rights and made each party divide the expenses of the trial. The minority were exonerated and declared to have the right to sue for damages, with interest. Those most concerned submitted to the sentence, but the expenses of the trial, together with the demands of the minority, made a large sum, the payment of which caused new difficulties and troubles. The allies were compelled a second time to send commissioners, who, themselves, settled upon the amount. The expenses having much increased, the total was so great that they could hardly even think of paying; besides, many citizens refused to contribute their share, as they had remained neutral in the quarrel. The commissioners then made out a list of those concerned in the matter, fixed upon the sum each one was to pay, and those who swore to having in no way joined in the quarrel were exempt. All these delays, appeals and mediations had still more increased the expenses. The necessary money could not be raised, especially as the minority stubbornly refused to authorize the sale of any of the public property. Several parishes had been ruined, animosities and hatred continued to increase, as is always the case where money matters are concerned. The parties, now four, instead of two, became more and more exasperated and time passed with no change for the better. At the landsgemeinde of 1641 all was not yet settled; a period for final payment was appointed, but when it arrived, one thousand five hundred and seventy florins were wanting to complete the amount. New difficulties were foreseen, by which the existence of the Republic would be threatened. It was only then, after seven years of useless quarrelling, that they listened to reason. It was decreed that a portion of the public property should be sold and the minority was begged not to oppose its being done, which it did not. Thus ended this conflict, which during seven years had kept the country in a continual state of civil war and of which the traces did not disappear for a long time.

Switzerland was at peace with foreign nations, but the minds of the people were not yet calm. Blood was very often shed upon the soil of the Cantons during the civil, political and religious wars, which were carried on during the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. Several times Gersau took part in these wars, when its aid was demanded by its allies. Thus in 1653, on a pressing demand of Lucerne, first fifty and then sixty-two

Gersovians came to garrison that city, the inhabitants of which feared an attack by the peasants, who were in a state of revolt.

In 1656, at the time of the religious war, the contingent of the Republic, amounting to seventy-five men, took part in several battles and occupied, during nine weeks, the important post of Schindelegi. Later, in 1664, at the time of the Toggenburg war, this same contingent was called upon to guard the post of Rothenthurm. Finally, during the last civil war, in 1712, the army of Gersau, composed of ninety-two men, joined that of the Catholic Cantons; but it does not appear that it took part in the battle of Villmergen, which closed the campaign. From that time, until the invasion of Switzerland by foreign armies, the banner of St. Marcel was not unfurled.

But if the Republic had not to contend with men, it suffered other afflictions, which brought it to the verge of ruin. On the 16th of January, 1739, a frightful tempest broke over the valley and recommenced two days later with greater violence. Thousands of trees were uprooted; the waves lashed into fury, washed away the protecting walls along the lake and undermined the foundations of the church, which was in great danger of toppling over, and was only saved by great activity on the part of the population. Finally, on the 24th of June, in the same year, a heavy fall of rain and hail caused disastrous inundations; many houses, gardens and orchards were destroyed, the tower of the town-hall fell into the lake and the building itself and the public shooting-gallery threatened to fall; it was a catastrophe without precedent, yet there appears to have been no loss of life. The Republic had recourse to the generosity of its confederates; collections were taken up all over Switzerland, and, thanks to this aid and the energy and activity of the people, all traces of these scourges rapidly disappeared. In 1745 a new town-hall and shooting-gallery were begun.

Twenty-five years later, in 1770, the harmony which had existed so many years between the government and the people was troubled. A failure of the crop having obliged the Swiss to obtain grain at great expense from Italy, Lucerne acted very generously towards Gersau and gave the inhabitants of the little Republic the privilege of purchasing in its market. As a proof of its gratitude the council of Gersau passed a resolution, obliging its inhabitants to carry to the market of Lucerne all the butter not consumed in the country.

Whereupon there was great excitement. The peasants were unwilling to submit to a decree which they deemed illegal. At the head of the malcontents was a lawyer by the name of Fidèle Camenzind. In the midst of the Council, of which he was a member, this man had made no opposition to the law, but seeing the effect it produced he thought he would gain more by changing sides. He excited the public passion at meetings, where he made just such speeches as demagogues always make; he was even bold enough to propose convoking by force an extraordinary landsgemeinde. But the majority of the citizens, desiring that every thing should be done in an orderly manner, did not join the crowd of fault-finders. The Council, seeing that it was supported, resisted, appeased some of its opponents and arrested the most troublesome, among others Camenzind, who was condemned to make the amende honorable on his knees, to be deprived of his right of citizenship during two years, and to pay a fine of forty florins. Others were also punished, but with less severity.

The usual meeting of the landsgemeinde for the following year was awaited, in order to submit to it the butter question. After exciting debates, the people decreed the abolition of the law and re-established the old custom, according to which the four Confederate States could buy butter of Gersau with an offer of reciprocity; the sentences were reviewed and modified, all allusion to these events was strictly forbidden and order again prevailed, every one being conscious of having maintained his rights, the Council in forbidding a revolutionary and illegal meeting, and the people by rejecting a law which it considered an abuse of power.

During the long period of peace the population had augmented; it exceeded a thousand souls, while the Republic had not increased in size, nor was the soil more fertile; so that living was more expensive and there was more poverty. It became necessary to look for a new source of labour and wealth, and it was found. The spinning of wool, attempted in the beginning of the century, had not succeeded; but in 1750 the manufacture of silk was introduced and realized excellent results. Several enterprising and persevering citizens succeeded in establishing this branch of industry, a new source of activity was developed and a new era of prosperity thus inaugurated. The whole village underwent a transformation; handsome houses, surrounded by well-cultivated gar-

dens, took the place of the old rickety ones; the little Republic, until then almost unknown, acquired importance and its silks were sought for all over Europe, and even in Asia and Africa. During this period of good fortune the people, governed by worthy magistrates, made great progress in material and intellectual welfare, when the fatal year 1798 arrived, in which the French Republic, trampling under foot the most sacred rights and the most natural sentiments of humanity, came to destroy with fire and sword the liberty and independence of Switzerland, and, at the same time, that of the smallest and most inoffensive of Republics.

Gersau had experienced the effects of the French Revolution, before the soldiers of that nation had passed the Swiss frontier; the stagnation in its business, and the high prices of food were the first of the evils about to fall upon the country. There were rumors of armies, which, under the pretence of liberty, came to enslave. Soon afterwards Berne, the powerful, fell, and nearly all the Cantons were obliged to pass under the yoke. The republican Cantons, until then cajoled by the enemy, were summoned to submit to the laws of the One and Indivisible Republic. The people, justly incensed, rose as one man to defend their liberty and their religion.

Gersau, animated by the same sentiments as its confederates, declared itself ready to join them; measures of defence were taken, all able-bodied men between sixteen and sixty were drilled, and they were then divided into four companies of about fifty each. A military commission was appointed by the landsgemeinde to govern the Republic, which might be considered as in a state of siege.

On the 16th of April, 1798, Schwytz demanded the federal aid; immediately Gersau armed a boat, which cruised on the lake, in order to keep up communication between the two shores, and watch Lucerne. Soon afterwards Unterwalden, having also asked for assistance, in order to hold the mountain passes, the Council of war of the Cantons sent the left wing of its army there under the command of Colonel Hauser. The first company of Gersau, fifty-four strong, composed part of this army, and were sent with the contingent of Einsiedeln, to hold the Sattel, a very high pass, on the frontier of the Entlibuch and still covered with snow. After three days passed in these solitudes, more exposed to cold and hunger than to the enemy's bullets, the little detachment rejoined the main body of the army and

crossed the Brünig with it. The population of Hasli received the soldiers as its liberators. The order had been given to push on to Thun, when the army was recalled by the news of the occupation of the small Cantons.

While these events were taking place the other companies of Gersau had been acting as guard along the shore, on the lake and in the mountains; and the inhabitants of Schwytz were engaged in heroic struggles, which have immortalized their courage and covered them and their noble leader, Aloys Reding, with glory.

Schwytz was compelled to capitulate; the liberty and independence of the Cantons were trodden under foot by brute force. A centralized Republic, subject to the caprices of the foreigner, took the place of the old institutions; Gersau was incorporated as a simple township in the district of Schwytz, which itself formed part of a Canton called first Tellgovia and then Waldstetten, including within it Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden and Zug.

On the 17th of May the election took place at Schwytz, of those who were to choose the legislative, the judiciary, and administrative authorities. The council of Gersau declared itself a provisional one and was replaced by an agent of the French government, whose first act of authority was to take possession of the money in the treasury, which amounted to about 1000 Swiss livres. Later the landsgemeinde of Gersau, Joseph Marie Antoine Camenzind was appointed a member of the Helvetic legislative Chamber, and his colleague, the former landammann, Jean Gaspard Camenzind, a member of the administrative Chamber of the Canton of Waldstetten.

The 27th of August was the day appointed for taking the constitutional oath at Gersau, as well as in the rest of Switzerland. The inhabitants of Unterwalden refused most decidedly to take this oath. Attacked by French troops ten times superior to them in numbers, they succumbed; the cruelties committed by the conquerors are but too well known. Similar results took place at Schwytz; Gersau was open in its sympathies and received the insurgents and fugitives as brothers. To punish the Gersovians the French oppressed them with taxes and requisitions and quartered upon them two companies of soldiers. The new guests took possession of all that pleased them and, among other things, the banner of the Republic, which was irrevocably lost.

During the war between the Austrians



and the French, Gersau was in a critical position, being occupied as an outpost of the French, while the Austrians were at Brunnen. But it was the scene of no bloodshed and suffered less than the other districts, where fighting took place.

When the French soldiers left in 1802, the Cantons were almost unanimously against the detested Helvetic government. Gersau voted its separation from it and demanded the right of self-government from the representatives of the Four Cantons, who had met upon its territory in order to deliberate upon the state of affairs. Partial success crowned the aspirations of the people for a federative government, and the act of mediation satisfied the Swiss to a certain extent. But Gersau was sacrificed and, under the new constitution, never regained its former position of an independent State; it remained incorporated in the Canton of Schwytz, as one of its districts, and had a representative in the cantonal government. Tranquillity again reigned in Switzerland, industry once more revived, and Gersau would have been happy, had it been assured of its independence. However, the inhabitants, by a tacit agreement, kept aloof, as much as possible, from Schwytz and resolved, among other things, that they never would appeal from the tribunal at Gersau to the cantonal one. And, really, under the new government there was not a single appeal.

When the victorious armies of the Allies approached Switzerland, the act of mediation was annulled and the greater part of the Cantons again resumed their old constitution. On the 21st of January, 1816, the tribunal of Gersau convoked the landsgemeinde, which unanimously voted its separation from Schwytz, and the re-establishment of the old Republic, taking as its authority the decree of the Diet, which allowed each Canton to govern itself as it chose.

The four former Confederate States were officially informed of this restoration. A committee from these States having met at Gersau, in order to deliberate upon the measures to be taken, under the circumstances, the authorities, profiting by the presence of the representatives there, endeavored to persuade them to induce their governments to acknowledge the Republic. This was formally done and the old federal relations were again restored. The landrath of Schwytz added that, while regretting to give up this valuable district, it would not oppose the will of the whole people.

Overjoyed at the happy result, the Gersovians, in a meeting of the landsgemeinde, declared null and void all the laws passed since 1798 and recognized only the old edicts and customs of the Republic, as those by which the country was to be governed. As to what concerned their relations with the other Cantons and the contingent to be furnished to the Confederation, that was to be settled in a conference with the four allied States. During this period, on the occasion of a muster of the federal troops, Schwytz invited Gersau to contribute towards the national defence. Immediately the first quota of 24 men was put on foot, part joined the Schwytz battalion of Felchlin and made with it the campaign of Pontarlier; the rest, incorporated in the Sidler company, served as part of the garrison of Geneva. The second contingent acted as picket-guard and Gersau declared its willingness to contribute its share in the expenses of the war.

It was then that the federal compact was formed, but not accepted by the Cantons without great opposition. Gersau was not mentioned in it. Confident in the solemn recognition of its rights by the four States, the diminutive and ignored Republic took no step towards being acknowledged by the Diet and the allied powers; the Gersovians thought that the measures already taken were enough to assure them their former independence, but Providence had decided otherwise. The danger came from a point where it was least expected. The council of Schwytz, which for over two years had advanced no claims, and had shown much good-will towards the authorities of Gersau, wrote them a letter on the 18th of April, 1816, requesting them to send commissioners to treat with the government of Schwytz, "of which," the letter said, "Gersau was always an integral part." The magistrates of Gersau, not thinking that they rightly understood this last sentence and that the demand referred to some arrangement to be made concerning the quota of men and money, sent their delegates to Schwytz. What was their astonishment when the Schwytzers said that the first condition of negotiation was that Gersau should acknowledge itself part of the Canton of Schwytz! There was great sorrow in Gersau; the assistance of the other allies was begged and they willingly listened and convoked a conference at Lucerne. Schwytz refused to attend, rejected in advance all decision that might be made, declared that Gersau, of its own free-will, had annexed itself in 1802, that the last treaty guaranteed to the Canton the bound-



dary line of that period and that, consequently, the other three allies had no right to interfere. A singular proceeding on the part of the State which had the most opposed the treaty, which insisted most earnestly upon the complete re-establishment of the old régime, and did not renounce its right to Uznach and Gaster!

Gersau, much aggrieved, resisted; a paper, written to oppose the claims of Schwytz, was printed and circulated and the affair was laid before the Diet, in 1817. It, like every one in Switzerland and the rest of Europe, was heartily tired of the quarrels and bickerings, which had been going on for so long a time; there was a general desire to put an end to all subjects of discussion and discord: in spite of the indisputable right of Gersau, in spite of the support of Lucerne, Uri and Unterwalden, in spite of the eloquence of the avoyer of Lucerne, Vincent Rüttimann, a majority of thirteen and one half voices declared that the federal treaty, having guaranteed to all the Cantons the boundaries of 1802, the town and district of Gersau belonged to Schwytz and that the old treaties of alliance existed no longer.

The landsgemeinde of Gersau was obliged to submit, under protest. Negotiations were commenced to settle definitely the position of Gersau. Nearly all its demands were refused, as incompatible with the cantonal sovereignty, and the Gersovians were compelled to adopt the five following articles:

ART. I. — Gersau enjoys the same rights and must accept the same duties and obligations as the other districts of the Canton.

ART. II. — It takes rank immediately after the original territory of Schwytz.

ART. III. — It sends six members to the cantonal Council.

ART. IV. — From the 1st of January 1818, Gersau must assume its share of the cantonal finances. But the account of the arrears that it still owes for federal and cantonal affairs will be revised as a proof of the fraternal sentiments which animate the Canton.

ART. V. — As Gersau took no part in the military capitulations, its citizens shall enjoy the advantages resulting therefrom, whenever there may be any vacancies among the officers.

Thus disappeared the last hope of Gersau for maintaining its independence. The Republic, over four hundred years old, had to resign itself to becoming a simple district of one of its former allies. It perished, sacrificed to political exigencies.

The first article of the treaty of annexation was violated by Schwytz, as soon as promulgated. The constitution, under which the Canton was then governed, established certain privileges in favour of the township of Schwytz, to which the rest of the Canton were, to a certain degree, subject. It is therefore not at all surprising that the former republicans of the old free State should have unwillingly accepted a yoke which weighed upon them, and should have tried, on every occasion, to shake it off. Thus, during the troubles of 1833, we see Gersau embracing the cause of the dependent district and voting in favour of separation from Schwytz; then, in 1838, declaring in favour of the party called the "Nails," which was opposed to the one called the "Horns." Neither was there great enthusiasm for the Sonderbund, and the federal soldiers who passed through Gersau, after the surrender of Lucerne, were much pleased with the cordial reception, which was given to them there. But radicalism never flourished much among the Gersovians, as the elections, in favour of the opposite party, have always shown.

To-day the position of Gersau is better than before these last troubles. The modified constitution of Schwytz gives the district a degree of freedom which exists in no other Canton; and, as the district of Gersau is composed of but one township, the relations of one to the other make the present state of things much like that which existed under the old Republic. The cantonal landsgemeinde is abolished, but every year the district landsgemeinde meets at Gersau, as in former times; it selects its officers and its landammann, who presides, leaning upon the old sword of the State, its simple council, its double and treble one; it votes its budget, administers its property, collects its taxes, &c. These different institutions help to keep up the national feeling in all its strength; Gersau endeavours to maintain a district character and succeeds, thanks to the souvenir, we might say, the worship which each citizen preserves in his heart of the good old times and of a history, which was unlike that of any contemporary.

Switzerland has good reason to be proud thus to be able to unite, without effacing, so many different nationalities. While there is not a citizen of Gersau who does not regret the old Republic, neither is there one who is not a good Swiss and a faithful Confederate.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## MOVING ON.

"FOR work is the great cure of all the maladies and miseries that beset mankind, honest work which you intend getting done," says Mr. Carlyle.

It was the beginning of June, and London was a discordant place to poor May, full of her past memories, but she was glad to get there; she longed to take root again somewhere, to begin some settled life once more. Clearly, thinking and reading did not answer, there is a time for everything, and there are some stings which only work can cure. But used as she was to the country poor, such work in London was to her a dismal thing. May knew every soul, good and bad, old and young, at Fernyhurst. When they were sick or in want, it was with no haphazard distribution that she carried them her relief, but with as much knowledge as is generally given us to gain of our fellow-creatures in any rank of life. There she was in the habit of paying visits of what may be called affection, to friends of long standing, who were really glad to see her for her own sake; who cared almost as much for the welfare of Master Tom and the whereabouts of Master Charlie as about their own belongings; they were part of the clan, as it were. Her intercourse was not based upon the "half-a-crown and a ton of coals" principle, which disorderly misery is likely to extract out of a district visitor. The visit in general was pleasant to both, and if in the course of conversation she found that her friend had a cough or a bad appetite, the something which she sent no more degraded the recipient than the flowers and grapes which she took perhaps to the neighbour of another rank the week after. There are bad enough, as well as good, among the country poor, Heaven knows; still, there she was not poking in uncertain ash-heaps and pools of mud, but with her eyes open, doing her best with vice, or trying to help the struggling. But in that great gulf of London misery, where the best help which can be given seems a mere drop in the ocean, she felt it rather hopeless work. There was a wretched alley allotted to her, but there was no particular reason why it should come to her share; she felt there were thousands behind which had as great a claim. She had nothing to do with the "intelligent artisans," indeed the rich have generally little intercourse in London, except with the begging por-

tion of the working class, with the desire, too often, on one side, of getting something, and on the other of liberating their consciences: and if by chance she contrived to establish a really friendly footing, the extraordinary nomadic habits of the London poor caused her to lose sight of them if she left town for a few months. It seems almost impossible for a family to continue a year in the same lodging—a strange contrast to the tenacity with which a peasant clings to the old "home," however poor, with an utter recklessness which is most remarkable. The birds, too, had often flown without leaving the smallest clue by which to trace them, although they knew they could expect help and sympathy from her, which they valued exceedingly. They have less foresight, as some one has said, than ants and bees; while the much maligned country poor, at a distance from shops and markets, are far more used to look ahead.

She set to work, however, as best she could. She was determined to make London her home, and pay the rent of duty there. She saw nothing of Walter Scrope, and heard but little more. There is hardly any place, indeed, where a meeting is not more likely to take place than in that gigantic portentous "concourse of atoms" called London. Men and women may live for years within half a mile (of streets) of each other, and, unless they happen to belong to the same set, never catch so much as a distant glimpse each of each. For some time May went on expecting the accident of coming across him, fancying she saw him in one crowd after another, but gradually the hope died away.

His father's peerage had so little to support it that he was going on with his law as steadily, but not much more successfully than before. He was always busy, and had little to do with the society in which the Seymours lived, who rarely came across him. One morning at breakfast, however, the Colonel began upon him.

"I am afraid young Scrope is becoming extremely odd. I think you used to have him at Fernyhurst in old days, May," he said, turning to his sister-in-law. May assented quietly. "I heard yesterday that he was teaching a class in mathematics at the Working Men's something or other. Now, that you should assist the common people in hospitals and clothing clubs is quite right" (he was a governor himself), "but really mathematics is a little too absurd."

May humbly suggested that it might be better than the public-house.

"My dear May, you really don't understand the question—such teaching leads to Bristol riots, and corn-law leagues, and all sorts of atrocities. I am sure the Duke would never . . ."

We have nearly forgotten the sort of absolute despotism exercised over English society of a certain class by Wellington about twenty years ago; he was a mighty man of war, and great in his own way, but on subjects in which he had had even less opportunity of judging than other men, his opinion was considered quite decisive. His administrations had failed,\* his prognostics had proved utterly false, he had had to carry the measures of his opponents against his own repeated protests, but still his admirers clung to their faith. What "the Duke said" (there was but one Duke in England) was absolutely infallible, and any statement which required endorsement, whether social, political, or religious, was supposed to gain weight by using his omniscient name. "Field Marshal the Duke's" pocket-handkerchiefs were stolen as relics by enthusiastic ladies, who asked his opinion on the merits of a new preacher and how their little girls should be educated. "Field Marshal the Duke" was consulted on matters of taste by Government, whether his statue should be cocked up on the arch before his door; and next—when the whole world was horrified at its effect—whether his Grace considered that he had better not come down again. Wherefore, when this dreaded name appeared on the field, May prudently turned the conversation, and Walter's crimes were forgotten in the story of the battle of Salamanca, where the Colonel had been as a boy, and the description of which had ever (to himself if not to his hearers) the freshest interest and delight.

Once only did she and Walter happen to meet. She had been called in by her sister to help her with some visitors, when "Mr. Scrope" was announced. He came warmly up to her, and she saw that he was struck by her pale, sad looks, for his expression changed to one of deep compassion; but she had told herself beforehand how she meant to behave, and her manner was frank and calm and simple with him, as of old. She thought that he looked disappointed, but did not feel sure. He made his inquiries after Tom, whom

he had been down to visit, said a word of affectionate remembrance of her father, and went away; and May, one-half of herself having, as it were, looked on from without at the other half, acting a part without finching, complimented herself on her cool self-possession, and then rushed up-stairs, fastened her door, and lay, tearless, pale, and wretched, on her bed.

"Why did I do it? I know I gave him pain, and when he came up so friendly; it was nothing but pride. Why could I not be friendly with him?" she repeated to herself, and then her pride took fire again. "He shall not say I sought him now when I am sad and dull, and have nothing to give. He meant only to be friendly and kind, and nothing more," and she hid her head on the pillow with sheer misery.

"We've had Walter Scrope here to-day, Egerton," said Cecilia to her husband that evening.

"I always hope that we shall hear he's going to be married; that's the best thing he can do. He could easily find somebody, and a nice somebody too, with plenty of money, to take him; and it's his duty to try and restore that old peerage," answered he.

"I can't bear that sort of bargaining—so much title for so much money," put in May, a little moved.

"My dear May, it isn't that," observed her brother-in-law gently. "You don't consider, a poor peerage is a very trying thing; there are all sorts of duties required of you by your position; real duties which you would be the first to acknowledge to be such, which can't rightly be accomplished without money, and which it is extremely painful to refuse. And you don't mean to say that he couldn't find a charming girl *with* money. It isn't only the poor ones who are nice. He must look out for the combination of the two in his circumstances; it restricts his choice a little, that's all."

May was silent. "That's the advice which all his best friends are giving him," she thought to herself, "and quite rightly too," she added with a sigh.

Once again she saw him in the distance. It was at some great public celebration, and she felt sure that he had seen her too, and had slipped out of the way. She did not go into society, and a sort of fervent desire came over her to meet him again, to be sure that he had ceased to care for her, to be in his company, to speak to him, and make certain at least of what she herself was feeling.

And August came. The London air

\* Mr. Disraeli's curious estimate of his political capacity in "Sybil" is worth looking at—"Save me from my friends."

felt as if it had been breathed over and over again, till all the freshness was taken out of it, and the baked pavement and walls made the streets feel like ovens. The green grass had become brown, and the whole of London was going out of town (with the exception, that is, of two million of people, as much as the whole population of Scotland), and Colonel and Mrs. Seymour, of course, were preparing to go also. He had arranged for some grouse shooting with his friends in Scotland, and with his wife and sister-in-law wandered on visits from one house to another, with an occasional halt at some pretty inn, for the rest of the autumn. May had hardly been anywhere in her life; and a tour in Scotland was so great a pleasure that at first she began to believe her extreme depression to have been a good deal owing to want of fresh air. But purple mountains and blue sea do not long keep off thinking:—

"Oh, lady, we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does nature live."

Mountain travel was not at all in Cecilia's way. She did not want "to climb up that steep place to see the view," she "should tear her gown walking through that odious heather." She did "not like to go on the lake, it was so disagreeable to have the wind blowing all one's hair about so." She always looked as if she came out of a bandbox, and sacrifices must be made, one cannot have everything, and the least important must of course go to the wall. Still this was not exactly the companion for enthusiastic delight in beautiful rivers and rough mountain walks and rides.

Colonel Seymour's way of viewing scenery was different, but hardly more congenial—it was simply conscientious. They were to go to that waterfall because General Bentinck had said it was the finest in Scotland; and they took such another route because Lady Ben Lomond had told them that there was nothing like Loch Awe, and the view of Ben Cruachan, and when they met her, &c. &c. Then, having inspected the sight, whatever it might be, fully, he put down his guide book or his opera glasses, his conscience at rest, and there was nothing more to be said about the matter.

It is difficult to enjoy much under such solitary circumstances. Moreover, it is a tremendous wrench in life for a woman, whose whole time has been occupied for others, arranging for them, thinking for them, sacrificing herself in their service,

with all the weight of responsibility of a large household, and in some respects the welfare of a parish greatly devolving upon her, and receiving the consideration and affection that result from her position, when she suddenly loses the whole. Now May had to seek her own duty, the hardest thing of all. She was accustomed to secure an hour to herself with difficulty, now it signified to no one how many hours she took, what she did, or what she thought; the ground had, as it were, been cut away under her feet, and she had to work out for herself a new place to stand on. The burden of choice in occupation falls on a woman so rarely in the course of her life, it is generally so entirely cut out for her, that it is hardly to be wondered at that the unused faculty is weak and uncertain when the necessity is thrust upon her, and that she often chooses wrong.

She would willingly have devoted herself to Cecilia, but that lady, though she liked every sort of attention—and indeed esteemed it as her right—considered affection as utterly superfluous, she did not know what to do with it, and it was returned on the giver's hands as not wanted.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### IN HARNESS.

"*SUAVE mari magno*," . . . said the Colonel (Latin quotations were more common twenty or thirty years ago in ordinary conversation), as he settled himself in the railway carriage of the express for London, their journey over, and looked round, rubbing his hands, "which means how pleasant it is to see the men and women rushing up and down the station as the train is starting, while you are comfortably established in your chosen place with your rug, your bag, and cutting open the leaves of the morning paper."

He was not sorry to be going back to his usual habits of easy-going London life, and his spirits rose every step as they whirled along nearer and nearer, while poor May felt as if she were returning to a cage.

It is always a striking thing to enter London towards night after a few months' absence—the size, the persistence of the rush of that great river of life rolling on—the stream which has flowed along so long before any of us were in being, which will flow just as busily when every one of the individuals who compose it are gone to work elsewhere, very far away, the

glare—the noise, the intense life lived there, and the equally intense feeling of one's own insignificance as one drives in from the railway station into that full tide of human joys and woes. Elsewhere one's own individuality has at least some weight, is of some little importance; a one's comings and goings make an appreciable difference, to a certain set at least. But here no drop of rain which falls into the sea could be absorbed more unconsciously, or be more convinced of its small value to the whole, than May as she once more took up the, to her, rather weary round of London life with a sigh.

Colonel Seymour was an agreeable, pleasant man, very fond of his club and of society, with gentlemanly manners and a quiet good-natured selfishness which made him like to see other people enjoy themselves, if it was according to his own views of what was pleasant and did not interfere with his notions of what was proper and becoming—a thorough man of the world, who hated enthusiasms and philanthropies and aspirations, and wondered at people for not being perfectly satisfied with such a life as pleased him so completely. He did not at all approve of his sister-in-law's going among filthy alleys and courts. "She's a great deal too good-looking," he said to his wife, who was inclined to let May occupy herself as she pleased, so long as she was not troubled in the matter.

"You really ought to speak to her, Cecilia,—she comes in looking so dead tired and so white; and Lady Anne Saville would never have allowed her daughter to do such a thing, I'm sure, and Lady Newton would not have listened to it for a moment. She's not fit for that sort of thing at all."

And to a certain extent it was true. May was not cut out for a sister of charity, she required a personal interest; she could have sat up every night for a month with an individual, but sick humanity did not as yet fill the vacant place in her heart.

The "loneliness of life" fell heavily upon her, the want of sympathy in the thoughts and the objects she cared for was like a dead weight on her as she went on the narrow circle to which her brother-in-law's care and kindness confined her, and did as well as she could within its limits. She found existence, however, rather hard. She had all her life lived with original minds, with people who thought, and put their thoughts into words and works, or refreshed themselves with clever nonsense, and the bore to her of these well-educated, well-born, well-bred people of the world,

to whom dining, and dressing, and driving, and visiting were the great aims of life, with which not to be satisfied was almost a crime, became oppressive to her to that degree that she would have welcomed the conversation of a well-behaved ploughman as a relief. It was like living in a hothouse, and she longed for fresh air. She grew more silent and absent in spite of all her endeavours. Like many other impressionable clever people, she could not make talk, like so many yards of tating, whenever she wished. With kindred responsive minds her thoughts seemed to flash in return. She was surprised sometimes herself at the sparks hit out of her by the flint and steel of real congenial conversation; but with those who did not understand, it was like the dull cold piece of metal before the electric coil is complete, and she sometimes seemed to herself as dull as Alicia considered her. It was the difference between listening to a bird carolling in the open wood and the bird sitting caged and silent.

"Sense to which there's no replying,  
Truths which there is no denying,"

oppressed her like a nightmare, and she felt keenly that "nonsense would" indeed be "exquisite," but wit and humour were both of them tabooed in the heavy atmosphere of propriety to which she was now condemned. "Les sots ne savent pas rire," it is said, but it is by no means only "les sots," there is a ponderous respectability and a fine flower of fashion where it is sometimes almost as rare.

She saw nothing of Walter Scrope, and heard only that he had gone to the East—an old fancy of his, she remembered—and after his return that his mother had been ill, and that he had been called down to the north.

The world was beginning to return to London, and the Seymours prepared, as usual, to receive and to go out, and expected May to do the same. She was glad now to join them. She had a long-lingering wish to see Walter once more, "just to be friendly with him" again. "Why should we not be friendly now that he has forgotten anything further?" she repeated to herself. "Of course there could not now be anything else—a man who has been twice refused." And as each day passed and they never met, the deferred hope of this instalment of blessing made her heart sick with the intense desire after old times as represented by him—after the sympathy which she now knew that in many things she had never had so truly



with any one (though she had not cared for the man) except her father. But it was evidently not to be, and it was her own doing, and she set to work with an earnest desire to do her duty and live on in that shadowed valley through which her pathway now lay. And among those nicely dressed girls, with flowers in their hair and fans in their hands, there are many who are fighting as hard battles, going through as painful struggles as any which their fathers and brothers are waging in the world outside. With powers and abilities for which there is no legitimate outlet, affections for which they have no sufficient object, quiet sorrows which no human being ever guesses, longings which would only be laughed at if known, how willingly would they exchange this life of luxurious repression for the really active work of their men relations—for work, however hard and trying. Even to see a definite end for what they endure would be something; but to walk on in the darkness is what is demanded of them, and they do it by hundreds and thousands without a murmur, cutting themselves down as well as they can with unconscious heroism to the melancholy standard required of them.

The dull monotony of those wintry days seemed to eat into her, and the sort of discussion which took place over all of her plans was to her exceedingly trying; she missed the free life of her old home beyond measure.

"So you have been to that committee at Lady Mary's, to-day?" said Colonel Seymour kindly, one evening; "I hope it was pleasant, my dear May."

May smiled. "We spent nearly an hour in deciding whether a little ship should or should not be engraved at the head of our circulars. Twelve ladies debated it warmly. I think eleven would have done it quite as well—it might have been settled without my valuable assistance. And then any business which there was to be done was just arranged at the end of all things by the only two people in the room who really knew anything about it: what use were the rest of us? I don't think I shall go again."

"My dear May," remonstrated the Colonel earnestly, "pray do not give it up; Lady Mary will be a very pleasant person for you to know, and Mrs. Tyndale gives capital dinners—very good society indeed—it would be the greatest pity for you to neglect such a pleasant opening, wouldn't it, Cecilia?" he ended, turning to his wife, who had just come down.

"A great pity," replied she absently. "You'll remember, Egerton, that we dine at seven to-day at General Bligh's, and go to the Russells afterwards."

"But you hope she won't give up the committee?" insisted her husband.

"Oh, yes, certainly," said she carelessly.

But May did not care to play at work in this manner, to turn philanthropy to account in the line of fine acquaintance. The gossip of good society did not seem to her much better than the gossip below it. She did not care to know whether Miss Brown was going to be married to Mr. Jones, and even when sublimated into the chances of the Duke of Bareacres marrying Lady Julia with nothing, or Miss Money with £150,000, it did not seem to make it much more interesting.

Colonel Seymour hated anything "blue," and authors, artists, and scientific men were all slightly beyond the pale. You might speak to some of the celebrities if you met them at Devonshire or Lansdowne House, but, on the whole, "my dear, one does not have that sort of people to dinner," was the meaning of his reply when May once asked him to invite some delinquent guilty of spending his life in this obnoxious manner. There is nothing better of its kind or more agreeable, than the really first-rate society of London—the cream of the cream of everything, political, artistic, scientific, philanthropic, and including, of course, the best of the aristocracy in birth, at whose houses, as neutral ground, "the best," including the best cookery and the most beautiful art, pictures, music, and company, is often found. But what is called the "best society" in the sense merely of aristocratic life is as dull as cliques must always be. Small talk is small, whether it relates to the personal affairs of the greengrocer and the cheesemonger, or of marquises and viscounts.

Colonel Seymour was almost distressed one night when, at one of the few houses they frequented where the guests were not confined to their own set, he saw May, who was sitting by a young gentleman of the most unexceptionable position, an eldest son, a sucking M.P., positively turn away to an old professor on the other side, in an exceedingly ill-made coat, to whom she not only talked during the whole of dinner and after, but her colour came back, her whole manner changed, and her face was glowing with interest in what he was telling her.

"She'll never marry, my dear Cecilia, if she goes on in that way," said the kindly



Colonel, with a groan, that evening when he came up to bed; "and she looked so handsome, too, to-night," he added, unconscious that it was the interest she had felt which gave her the lacking fire; "young Russell admired her exceedingly, I saw, but she never gave him a chance!"

"It was that tiresome Oxford man, Professor of History, or something stupid, for I asked who he was," answered Cecilia, yawning; "I can't imagine what she found in him."

Her husband laughed. "To be sure there never were two sisters so unlike," said he; and though he was finding such fault with May, he was not quite sure at the moment that he preferred the type which he himself possessed. He remembered luckily in time, however, that it certainly was a more convenient and manageable one, and that the next morning he should probably be fretting over May's desire to go to some unpleasant school or hospital, or to see her throwing her interests into an entirely wrong direction. He cared much more affectionately, indeed, about her future than Cecilia, who seldom troubled her soul much for anything which did not concern her own comfort or pleasure. And it was very disinterested of him, for he was very fond of his sister-in-law, and, except for their occasional disagreements about matters of etiquette, which he generally, too, contrived to filter through his wife, they were excellent friends. She was always ready for breakfast, or to do anything which he wished, always obliging, always attentive to what he said. He even rather liked instructing her about politics, although, in general, he considered that women had nothing to do with such subjects. Cecilia was so perfectly indifferent about them, that it was hardly worth the trouble of explaining to her the turpitude of the Whigs on the corn-law question, or on the subject of Reform, but he had stretched a point, though against his convictions, and full as it were of parentheses, and allowed that a young lady (or, at least, this young lady) might care for such questions (or rather for his interest in such questions) without losing caste. He had known almost everybody worth knowing in a certain class, had been everywhere, and had a great deal of gentlemanly political history at his fingers' ends which interested her exceedingly, while she kept her own opinions safely to herself. Altogether, she would be a sad loss to his household, but he had been taught to believe that it was the chief business of woman to marry, and here was May nearly

six-and-twenty, and nothing done! He began to consider that he himself was greatly to blame for not having arranged something suitable for her. It would be a great sacrifice to lose her, but the code of social proprieties had, in his eyes, something of the sacredness of moral laws, and it was as painful for him to see one infringed as the other.

Meantime, poor May suffered a good deal from his kindness; she had been accustomed to the perfect freedom of Pernyhurst, where, as the chief lady of the place, a thing was almost considered right because she did it; and, at all events, nobody had a right to find fault with her but her father, who was always pleased with her doings; and now, Colonel Seymour was unhappy if she went out without a servant, and even resented a cab. Twenty years ago cabs were not quite adopted into "genteel" life, and poor May's tether grew smaller and shorter as time went on, and she was allowed to do even less as the season advanced.

"But I'm not a young lady," said she, driven to bay one day, goaded by his kindly interference to remonstrate.

"Yes you are, my dear, and a very pretty one, too," answered he, exasperated past his manners, for he was too truly a gentleman to pay direct compliments in general.

He was an enigma to her, and she to him. As they sat at breakfast opposite each other, she used to consider him with wonder — his fine head, large, well formed, its grey hair — he was much older than his wife — giving weight and dignity to his appearance, — very good-looking, and perfectly unaffected and gentlemanlike; there was material and experience of all kinds apparently in him; how could such a man be content to dwell in decencies for ever? how could he be quite satisfied, as he seemed, to go from the military gossip of one club to the political gossip of another, with the little bits of work which he made for himself — from Lord John's dinner to Lady Julia's *soirée*? "Too much caution, and too much sense," said she to herself, as she handed him his tea.

"If she hadn't so much enthusiasm, and more worldly wisdom, she'd be perfect," said he to himself as he gave her the bits of news in the paper.

"Mr. Rainsforth is dead; I'm afraid all those children of his are very poorly left. You know he gave up a pension of £7,000 or £8,000 a year.

"What a fine fellow!" said May enthusiastically.

"What a fine fool!" I'm afraid the world would say," replied her brother-in-law, smiling.

"But it was a magnificent thing to do. It doesn't signify what the world might say, surely; he must have been a noble man," said she earnestly, her colour rising as she spoke. "What was the pension for?"

"It was a sinecure which he inherited from his father. There was not the smallest reason for his resigning it, and very hard on his large family to give away their patrimony. The country was quite rich enough to pay it."

She gave it up. They were not talking the same language; words and deeds had different meanings for them. It seemed sometimes as hopeless for them to understand each other on such matters, fond as they were of one another's society, as if one was talking Greek and the other German.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### A CAGED BIRD.

"WHAT are you going to do to-day, Cecilia?" said May one morning. "I've a letter from Amy, saying that Lionel and Milly were to sail from Halifax by this packet. He writes word that he must be a few days in town for his business at the Horse Guards. Milly is not very well; I think we ought to go and look after her a little. I see the Cunard boat is in, and Amy tells me the name of the hotel where they're to be."

"I'll come, certainly," said Cecilia, laughing. "Milly must be well worth seeing and quite original in the capacity of a matron!"

They found the Wilmots in a dark, untidy room in a noisy street, Milly looking sick and worn, with the sort of half pathetic, childish, forlorn expression in her beautiful eyes which one sees in dogs and children, and with a crying baby in her lap. The dancing spirits of old times seemed tamed out of her; but she was as captivating and as graceful as ever when she greeted them with her little rosebud of a mouth. She seemed, however, to stand in some awe of her tall soldier husband, though his manner to her was as gentle as if she had been a child.

Cecilia took immediate possession of him as a matter of right; and Milly threw herself at once on May with a whole *Iliad* of woes.

"Oh, May, I'm so ill, and I want such a quantity of things in London. I haven't

any clothes fit to be seen. I'm such a figure," she said half-crying, "and we'd such a bad passage, and baby was so cross."

"What a nice little fellow!" replied May affectionately, taking the child in her arms, which stopped crying almost immediately.

"Its nurse said she must go out and get all sorts of things, and so she's left it to me," said the young mother, playing with the baby over May's shoulder, but apparently greatly preferring it in any one else's hands.

"Only Milly isn't quite certain which end of 'it' should be held uppermost," observed Cecilia, turning in the middle of her talk with Lionel to laugh at Milly's certainly unskilful attempts in the nursing line.

Lionel looked a little grave. He evidently disliked his wife to be considered not up to her motherly duties. He was just preparing to go out. "I'm sorry to say that I have an appointment . . ." he began, turning to Cecilia apologetically.

"What! you're not going already? Won't you come back, dear, and take me out? I've got such a quantity of things to get and people to see," said his little wife dolefully, with the tears in her eyes.

"My love," remonstrated her husband, "I've got business all day—very important business at the Horse Guards. I'm very sorry; but how can I possibly come?"

"Shan't I stay and help you, Milly?" interposed May, as Cecilia rose to move off, saying consolingly:—

"You must come to luncheon with us, dear. I'm so sorry we dine out; but you'll be sure and keep to-morrow free. Colonel Seymour is so anxious to talk over army matters with Lionel—questions of the greatest depth and dryness," she laughed, turning to him as she took his arm to go down-stairs.

May's company was accepted with rapture by his wife. "And you'll do much better than Lionel, because you won't mind the shops," said Milly joyfully, "and he can't bear them."

"I should think not," answered May with wonder. "You don't mean that you ask him to go shopping?"

The rest of the day was spent in following her little cousin about from gown-maker to bonnet vendor—for coverings of all sorts, from the feet to the head. They had luncheon at the Seymours, and the Colonel's evident admiration of her, and May's affectionate petting had its due effect upon the child-wife, and, like a little

bird whose feathers have been ruffled by the cold, she smoothed and preened her plumage. She had so far recovered her former spirits that when they returned to the hotel in the evening, and found Lionel sitting ready-dressed for dinner and writing at a table, she rushed up to him with all her old manner, calling upon him for admiration "of such a love of a little bonnet!" Lionel looked occupied and tired; he gravely tried his best to do justice to the bonnet, and began again busily turning over his papers.

"What have you been doing all day, dear?" said she, hovering gaily round him. "Oh, regimental business," he answered slightly.

"But what, dear?"

"I am afraid it would be as enigmatical to you as bonnets are to me," he went on with a smile. "I wonder what can have become of the foul copies of two sheets of my report? It was all right this morning before I went out. Milly, you haven't seen them? Where can they have got to? They were the very point of the whole matter, and I can't go without them."

"I don't know in the least," replied she, beginning to hunt in the most impossible places.

"What's this?" muttered he at last, picking up a crushed, torn lump of paper. He unfolded it: it was part of the missing sheets.

"Oh, I remember now. I found them on the ground, and they were all blotted and scratched. I didn't think they signified, and I made them into a ball to play with baby when he cried so this morning," said Milly, looking as if she would cry too if she dared. "I'm so sorry."

He said nothing, pieced the sheets together as well as he could, and prepared to go out.

"Shall we copy them, Lionel?" said May in a low voice; "we can do it very soon between us. Send back your servant for them if you can't wait; they shall be ready almost directly."

"Thank you," he answered shortly. "Milly, the general has asked me to dine with him and talk this report over. I hope May will be able to stay with you, for I really was obliged to accept. You mustn't sit up for me, dear, I may be very late, and it would only tire you to wait for me," and with a grave kiss he went off, and the two were left alone.

"You see, May," said Milly, throwing herself into an arm-chair and looking wretched, "he treats me like a baby. He isn't

even angry with me. He doesn't care for my caring about his things."

"Come and write, dear," said May, going on with the sheet of the report.

"What's the use? Lionel says I write so badly he can't read what I do," she said, despondently.

"But then, Milly, you might learn, surely, to write better. Surely you want to try and help him."

"Yes, I daresay I ought; but don't you see, May, everybody used always to think everything I did and said charming; and everybody petted me and said it was so nice, and now it seems so hard Lionel isn't pleased with things very often. At Quebec it was so dull after I married," she said piteously; "he didn't like me to flirt with the officers."

"I should think not," answered May with a smile, but writing on busily all the time. "A matron with a child!"

"Don't laugh, May," cried the matron energetically. "How could I change all at once? I was too young, you know, to marry. I wish he'd waited a little. I should like to have been a girl a few more years."

"To flirt?" asked May, laughing.

"Well, you know it is dull to have to be so well-behaved, and Lionel talking about married women's manners, and all that nonsense. After all, I'm only eighteen and a-half; and, besides, he knows I love him better than anything else in the world; and think him so great, and good, and clever, so why need he care? Papa said I was a great deal too young, but, you see, Lionel was so much thought of out there, and such a good officer and all that, and he was much the best-looking man, too, of any of them."

"That's an excellent reason," laughed May.

"He used to come to the Admiralty House a great deal — we were next door to cousins, you know, and papa couldn't make enough of him, and mamma liked him so, and then . . . I never told you, May, how it all was," she said suddenly.

"No, dear; perhaps you'd better not; it was between you and Lionel, and he mightn't like it," answered May loyally for it was a deeper feeling than mere curiosity which made her long to hear.

"Oh no, Lionel can't mind, not to you, your'e quite old and wise, and I like to tell you. I've got nobody to talk to here. You see he never would flirt with me, nor anything, and I could manage the other officers as I pleased, and so, you know, I wanted and cared all the more."

"Little Queen Coquette, as the boys used to call you of old," laughed May a little sadly.

"And I couldn't make him care one bit whatever I did," said Milly, musing; "and at last it vexed me so that I went on thinking no end about him, more than was comfortable, you know. And one day he came into mamma's own sitting-room, but she was out and I was by myself, for a wonder. I'd been practising that 'Farfaleta' that you used to like, you know, in order to sing that evening; such a beautiful quiet evening, and the light on the water, and I was looking out at it a little bit sad, you know, for he had told us he was going back to Quebec. I'd got on my pale pink little gown with the puffs (I like to wear it now), and so when he came in he said it was to wish good-bye, for he mightn't see us again, for after that he should go to England, just quite as if it were nothing! And I asked, what, wasn't he coming back at all? and then, I burst out crying, and said I wished he'd never come near us. I felt like the little moth which had just got too near the candle, and as if I'd burnt my wings too. And he was very much surprised, and said he'd never thought I should have cared about it in that way, and so you know . . . and then . . . you understand," and the young face looked up blushing and smiling, half tenderly, half consciously. "And, do you know, I was so frightened at what I'd done that I ran away and hid myself when mamma came in. I thought for one thing, he was so much too good for me and then papa didn't like at all parting with me — nor mamma neither. Somehow he fancied I was a child still, I believe, and he was quite surprised, but still they thought so much of Lionel that they said they couldn't refuse anything he asked, and so it was done, and now you see what's come of it."

"Dear child," said May sadly, after a little pause, "you gave up the pleasant old careless days to marry a very fine fellow, a man whom you love dearly, too, with first-rate objects in life,—can't you try and care for them?"

"They're such stupid things; why won't he care a little too for what I like?" answered Milly. "Didn't you see how he put me away, like a child, just now?"

"But, Milly, a man who cares much for *chiffons* isn't worth loving; he likes the result, he likes to see you look pretty."

"I don't believe he cares a bit," pouted Milly.

"Then why did he marry you, dear?" was on May's lips, but she suppressed it.

"Don't you think you could enter into his interests?" and as she saw the dislike of interference lighting up her little cousin's eyes she added, "You know I'm 'so old,' you'll let me speak."

"But he ought to try and like going out more, for my sake," persisted she.

"He's a strong man, who has made his own life with purposes and objects in it; surely it is not wrong in him to hope to bend your ways — his dear little wife's — to his rather than his to yours?"

Milly smiled.

"And in the long years liker shall they grow," Milly, she went on, with the tears gathering in her eyes; "if husband and wife don't draw nearer to each other, they drift farther apart — there is no standing still. Care for the things for his sake; you'll come in time to care for them soon a little for their own."

The poor little wife looked up with a troubled gaze. "I'm not a bit fit for him. It's somebody like you whom he ought to have married, May. I've heard him admire you so," she sighed, quite unconscious of the past of her husband's life.

"You loved him, dear," answered May without taking any notice of this burst, "because you thought him better and nobler than yourself; it was the best part of you which cared for him; you knew that his love was better worth than all the flirting in the world," she said, trying to smile as she passed her hand caressingly round the beautiful little face, "and in your heart you thank God you have such a man, and are very proud of him and his doings. You know you don't *really* think you'd rather have had the lower and the less good in life, one bit. You'll follow on to where he is, and take interest in what interests him."

"He doesn't care for my interest," answered Milly sadly. "You saw how I did ask him about his business."

"But if you took so little pains to understand it, that you destroyed his Report, how can he think such care worth having, dear? Suppose he'd crushed up your bonnet into a ball for baby?" went on May, laughing gently.

"I will try, I will try, May," said Milly, jumping up off the ground on which she had seated herself. "I will be a good wife to him. I wish you were always with me, I do love you dearly, May! and it's very good of me, when you give me such frightful lectures," she ended, with a storm of kisses.

The Wilmots dined every night in Curzon Street during their short stay in

London, until Lionel carried off his little wife to his home in the country.

"I'm sure I hope it may answer," said Cecilia, with a shrug, after one of these evenings; "I can't think how ever they will get on down there at Brickwall, with Aunt Emma to be sensible and give perpetual good advice."

"I don't think that Lionel means to stay long in England, from what he said," observed May, taking her candle to go to bed. "He seems so fond of his army work now."

"He may have a good appointment almost when he pleases, I heard to-day," said the Colonel; "he is thought very highly of at Head Quarters. And that pretty little graceful flirt, who looks as if she came off a French fan, will hardly be satisfied with a quiet country life."

"It's more the pleasure of giving pleasure with Milly than any more sinister motive," said May zealously; "she'll take any trouble for the person to whom she is devoting herself at the moment. I've seen her give herself as much pains to be delightful to an old woman or a child as to the very brightest of Her Majesty's army or navy."

"Her little mill always seems to me to accept as grist whatever admiration comes in its way," laughed Cecilia.

"Well, after all, a flirt is only a person with an exaggerated desire to please, and that's a very pleasant thing, and the early stages of the species, before it's hardened by the world, are certainly very charming," answered the Colonel smiling.

And, indeed, it is a real gift if only the owner knows how to use it, to be received like sunshine, to cause every one to smile when you come into a room, when everything you say and do has a charm of its own. It is a grace, and not a virtue, no doubt, but so much good work is marred by its absence, which makes some of the excellent of the earth grate on the tastes and tempers of their friends so as to undo half their influence, that one is sometimes tempted to put the "duty" of being pleasant very high. It must surely be a grand mistake which makes the good even seem repulsive.

"Was there ever anything between Lionel and your sister?" went on the Colonel to his wife, when May had left the room.

"Oh no, I don't believe it in the least; do you mean that May ever cared for Lionel? What made you think so?"

"Quite the contrary—that she didn't care. I hardly know what it was; something in his exceedingly grave manner to her, perhaps, and the incongruousness of his marrying that pretty plaything—as if it might be the consequence of a rebound."

Cecilia did not answer; it was strange to her how often the Colonel was right, how shrewdly he heard and understood sometimes when she, absorbed in herself, had been entirely unconscious and blind; she felt sure that he had guessed something very like the truth.

"You've been very kind, May," said Lionel gravely, the last evening, as he went down-stairs with her to put her into the carriage which her careful brother-in-law had sent to bring her home. She had spent the whole day with Milly, giving her untiring, calm, sympathizing help in the flurry and worry of the interminable packages and commissions.

"I'm sure I don't know what that poor child would have done without you in London," he went on with a sigh. "Won't you go in again, dear?" he turned to say anxiously to his wife, as Milly's pretty little head appeared over the banisters calling out her adieux from the top of the stairs, regardless of the passers-by in the hotel: "Good-bye Maykin; good, dear Maykin! How soon shall you come to us again?"

"There's a capital woman's heart under those childlike ways," answered May, quickly; "give her the best you have, Lionel, don't leave her to the bonnets. It will be your own fault if you don't make her good for all the things which you want—she is so young and she loves you dearly." Lionel smiled in spite of himself. "And when one is so pretty and so charming, it must be very hard not to like other people to admire one a little. But if she finds her best sympathy and sunshine at home she won't really care for any other, she won't indeed, Lionel, it's all in her," she pleaded earnestly.

His face brightened as he closed the carriage door and leant over it to shake hands with her gratefully, though without speaking. He was a man of few words, but the expression of his face was a comfort to her as he turned once more on the steps of the hotel almost unconsciously to look after her as she drove away, with a sigh and something of a heart-ache for both sides of the incongruous pair in whom she had so strong and deep an interest.



From Macmillan's Magazine.  
UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

THE old necromancers were said to obtain oracles by means of Teraphim. A Teraph was the decapitated head of a child, placed on a pillar and compelled by magic to reply to the questions of the sorcerer. Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that the legends of such enchantments rest on some groundwork of fact; and that it might be possible, by galvanism or similar agency, to make a human corpse speak, as a dead sheep may be made to bleat. Further, let us suppose that the Teraph only responded to inquiries regarding facts known to the owner of the head while living, and therefore (it may be imagined) impressed in some manner upon the brain to be operated on.

In such a Teraph we should, I conceive, possess a fair representation of the mental part of human nature, as it is understood by a school of thinkers, considerable in all ages, but especially so at present. "The brain itself," according to this doctrine, "the white and grey matter, such as we see and touch it, irrespective of any imaginary entity beside, performs the functions of Thought and Memory. To go beyond this all-sufficient brain, and assume that our conscious selves are distinct from it, and somewhat else beside the sum-total of its action, is to indulge an hypothesis unsupported by a tittle of scientific evidence. Needless to add, the still further assumption, that the conscious self may possibly survive the dissolution of the brain, is absolutely unwarrantable."

It is my very ambitious hope to show, in the following pages, that, should physiology establish the fact that the brain, by its automatic action, performs all the functions which we have been wont to attribute to "Mind," that great discovery will stand alone, and will not determine, as supposed, the further steps of the argument; namely, that our conscious selves are nothing more than the sum of the action of our brains during life, and that there is no room to hope that they may survive their dissolution.

I hope to show, not only that these conclusions do not necessarily flow from the premisses, but that, accepting the premisses, we may logically arrive at opposite conclusions. I hope to deduce, from the study of one class of cerebral phenomena, a presumption of the *separability* of the conscious Self from the thinking brain; and thus, while admitting that "Thought

may be a function of Matter," demonstrate that the Self in each of us is not identifiable with that which, for want of a better word, we call "Matter." The immeasurable difference between such a remembering lip-moving Teraph as we have supposed and a conscious Man indicates, as I conceive, the gulf leaped over by those who conclude that, *if* the brain can be proved to think, the case is closed against believers in the spirituality and immortality of our race.

In brief, it is my aim to draw from such an easy and every-day psychological study as may be verified by every reader for himself, an argument for belief in the entire *separability* of the conscious self from its thinking organ, the physical brain. Whether we choose still to call the one "Spirit" and the other "Matter," or to confess that the definitions which our fathers gave to those terms have ceased to be valid in the light of modern science—that "Matter" means only "a form of Force," and that "Spirit" is merely "an unmeaning term for an unknown thing"—this verbal controversy will not in any way affect the drift of our argument. What we need to know is this: Can we face the real or supposed tendency of science to prove that "Thought is a Function of Matter," and yet logically retain faith in personal Immortality? I maintain that we may accept that doctrine and draw from it an indirect presumption of immortality, afforded by the proof that the conscious self is not identifiable with that Matter which performs the function of Thought, and of whose dissolution alone we have cognizance.

My first task must be to describe the psychological facts from which our conclusions are to be drawn, and which seem in themselves sufficiently curious and interesting to deserve more study on their own account than they have yet received. Secondly, I shall simply quote Dr. Carpenter's physiological explanation of these facts. Lastly, I shall, as shortly as possible, endeavour to deduce from them that which appears to me to be their logical inference.

The phenomena with which we are concerned have been often referred to by metaphysicians,—Leibnitz and Sir W. Hamilton amongst others,—under the names of "Latent Thought," and "Pre-conscious Activity of the Soul." Dr. Carpenter, who has discovered the physiological explanation of them, and reduced them to harmony with other phenomena of the nervous system, has given to them the



title of "Unconscious Cerebration;" and to this name, as following in his steps, I shall in these pages adhere. It will probably serve our purpose best, in a popular paper like the present, to begin, not with any large generalizations of the subject, but with a few familiar and unmistakable instances of mental work performed unconsciously.

For example; it is an every-day occurrence to most of us to forget a particular word, or a line of poetry, and to remember it some hours later, when we have ceased consciously to seek for it. We try, perhaps anxiously, at first to recover it, well aware that it lies somewhere hidden in our memory, but unable to seize it. As the saying is, we "ransack our brains for it," but failing to find it, we at last turn our attention to other matters. By and by when, so far as consciousness goes, our whole minds are absorbed in a different topic, we exclaim, "Eureka! The word, or verse, is — So and so." So familiar is this phenomenon that we are accustomed in similar straits to say, "Never mind; I shall think of the missing word by and by, when I am attending to something else;" and we deliberately turn away, not intending finally to abandon the pursuit, but precisely as if we were possessed of an obedient secretary or librarian, whom we could order to hunt up a missing document, or turn out a word in a dictionary while we amused ourselves with something else. The more this very common phenomenon is studied, the more I think the observer of his own mental processes will be obliged to concede, that, so far as his own conscious Self is concerned, the research is made absolutely without him. He has neither pain nor pleasure, nor sense of labour in the task, any more than if it were performed by somebody else; and his conscious Self is all the time suffering, enjoying, or labouring on totally different grounds.

Another and more important phase of unconscious cerebration, is that wherein we find our mental work of any kind, a calculation, an essay, a tale, a composition of music, painting, or sculpture, arrange itself in order during an interval either of sleep or wakefulness, during which we had not consciously thought of it at all. Probably no one has ever written on a subject a little complicated, or otherwise endeavoured to think out a matter any way obscure, without perceiving next day that the thing has somehow taken a new form in his mind since he laid down his pen or his pencil after his first effort. It is as if a

"Fairy Order" had come in the night and unravelled the tangled skeins of thought and laid them all neatly out on his table. I have said that this work is done for us either asleep or awake, but it seems to be accomplished most perfectly in the former state, when our unconsciousness of it is most complete. I am not now referring to the facts of somnambulism, of which I must speak by and by, but, of the regular "setting to rights" which happens normally to the healthiest brains, and with as much regularity as, in a well-appointed household, the chairs and tables are put in their places before the family come down to breakfast.

Again there is the ordinary but most mysterious faculty possessed by most persons, of setting over-night a mental alarm-clock, and awaking, at will, at any unaccustomed hour out of dreamless sleep. Were we up and about our usual business all night without seeing or hearing a time-piece, or looking out at the stars or the dawn, few of us could guess within two or three hours of the time. Or again, if we were asleep and dreaming with no intention of rising at a particular time, the lapse of hours would be unknown to us. The count of time in dreams is altogether different from that of our waking life, and we dream in a few seconds what seem to be the events of years. Nevertheless, under the conditions mentioned, of a sleep prefaced by a resolution to waken at a specified hour, we arrive at a knowledge of time unattainable to us either when awake or when sleeping without such prior resolution.

Such are some of the more striking instances of unconscious cerebration. But the same power is obviously at work during at least half our lives in a way which attracts no attention only because it is so common. If we divide our actions into classes with reference to the Will, we discover that they are of three kinds — the Involuntary (such as the beating of the heart, digestion, &c.), the Voluntary, and the Volitional. The difference between the two latter classes of actions is, that *Voluntary* motions are made by permission of the Will and can be immediately stopped by its exertion, but do not require its conscious activity. *Volitional* motions on the contrary require the direct exertion of Will.

Now of these three classes of action it would appear that all Voluntary acts, as we have defined them, are accomplished by Unconscious Cerebration. Let us analyze the act of Walking, for example. We in-

tend to go here or there; and in such matters "he who wills the end wills the means." But we do not deliberately think, "Now I shall move my right foot, now I shall put my left on such a spot." Some unseen guardian of our muscles manages all such details, and we go on our way, serenely unconscious (unless we chance to have the gout, or an ill-fitting boot) that we have any legs at all to be directed in the way they should go. If we chance to be tolerably familiar with the road, we take each turning instinctively, thinking all the time of something else, and carefully avoid puddles or collisions with fellow-passengers; without bestowing a thought on the subject. Similarly as soon as we have acquired other arts beside walking,—reading, sewing, writing, playing on an instrument,—we soon learn to carry on the mechanical part of our tasks with no conscious exertion. We read aloud, taking in the appearance and proper sound of each word and the punctuation of each sentence, and all the time we are not thinking of these matters, but of the argument of the author; or picturing the scene he describes; or, possibly, following a wholly different train of thought. Similarly in writing with "the pen of a ready writer" it would almost seem as if the pen itself took the business of forming the letters and dipping itself in the ink at proper intervals, so engrossed are we in the thoughts which we are trying to express.

We unconsciously cerebrate,—while we are all the time consciously buried in our subject,—that it will not answer to begin two consecutive sentences in the same way; that we must introduce a query here or an ejaculation there, and close our paragraphs with a sonorous word and not with a preposition. All this we do not do of *malice prepense*, but because the well-tutored sprite whose business it is to look after our p's and q's, settles it for us as a clerk does the formal part of a merchant's correspondence.

Music-playing however is of all others the most extraordinary manifestation of the powers of unconscious cerebration. Here we seem not to have one slave but a dozen. Two different lines of hieroglyphics have to be read at once, and the right hand is to be guided to attend to one of them, the left to another. All the ten fingers have their work assigned as quickly as they can move. The mind (or something which does duty as mind) interprets scores of A sharps and B flats and C naturals, into black ivory keys and white ones,

crotchets and quavers and demi-semi-quavers, rests, and all the other mysteries of music. The feet are not idle, but have something to do with the pedals: and, if the instrument be a double-acted harp, a task of pushings and pullings more difficult than that of the hands. And all this time the performer, the *conscious* performer, is in a seventh heaven of artistic rapture at the results of all this tremendous business; or perchance lost in a flirtation with the individual who turns the leaves of the music-book, and is justly persuaded she is giving him the whole of her soul!

Hitherto we have noticed the brain engaged in its more servile tasks of hunting up lost words, waking us at the proper hour, and carrying on the mechanical part of all our acts. But our Familiar is a great deal more than a walking dictionary, a housemaid, a *valet de place*, or a barrel-organ man. He is a novelist who can spin more romances than Dumas, a dramatist who composes more plays than ever did Lope de Vega, a painter who excels equally well in figures, landscapes, cattle, sea-pieces, smiling bits of *genre* and the most terrific conceptions of horror and torture. Of course, like other artists, he can only reproduce, develop, combine what he has actually experienced, or read or heard of. But the enormous versatility and inexhaustible profusion with which he furnishes us with fresh pictures for our galleries, and new stories every night from his lending library, would be deemed the greatest of miracles, were it not the commonest of facts. A dull clod of a man, without an ounce of fancy in his conscious hours, lies down like a log at night, and lo! he has got before him the village green where he played as a boy, and the apple-tree blossoms in his father's orchard, and his long-dead and half-forgotten mother smiles at him, and he hears her call him "her own little lad," and then he has a vague sense that this is strange, and a whole marvellous story is revealed to him of how his mother has been only supposed to be dead, but has been living in a distant country, and he feels happy and comforted. And then he wakes and wonders how he came to have such a dream! Is he not right to wonder? What is it—*who* is it that wove the tapestry of such thoughts on the walls of his dark soul? Addison says, "There is not a more painful act of the mind than that of invention. Yet in dreams it works with that care and activity that we are not sensible when that faculty is employed"

(*Spectator*, 487). Such are the nightly miracles of Unconscious Cerebration.

The laws which govern dreams are still half unexplained, but the most obvious of them singularly illustrate the nature of the processes of the unconscious brain-work which causes them. Much of the labour of our minds, conscious and unconscious, consists in transmuting Sentiments into Ideas. It is not in this little essay that the subject can be developed in its various branches, the ordinary passions of life,—the religious and moral sentiments (wherein our translations are the source of all our myths and half our errors),\*—and lastly, insanity, wherein the false sentiment usually creates the intellectual delusion. Suffice it that our conscious brains are for ever at work of the kind, "giving to airy nothing" (or at least to what is a merely subjective feeling) "a local habitation and a name." Our unconscious brains accordingly, after their wont, proceed on the same track during sleep. Our sentiments of love, hate, fear, anxiety, are each one of them the fertile source of whole series of illustrative dreams. Our bodily sensations of heat, cold, hunger, and suffocation, supply another series often full of the quaintest suggestions,—such as those of the poor gentleman who slept over a cheesemonger's shop, and dreamt he was shut up in a cheese to be eaten by rats; and that of the lady whose hot bottle scorched her feet, and who imagined she was walking into Vesuvius. In all such dreams we find our brains with infinite play of fancy merely adding illustrations like those of M. Doré to the page of life which we have turned the day before, or to that which lies upon our beds as we sleep.

Again, the small share occupied by the Moral Law in the dream world is a significant fact. So far as I have been able to learn, it is the rarest thing possible for any check of conscience to be felt in a dream, even by persons whose waking hours are profoundly imbued with moral feeling. We commit in dreams acts for which we should weep tears of blood were they real, and yet never feel the slightest remorse. On the most trifling provocation we cram an offending urchin into a lion's cage (if we happen to have recently visited the Zoological Gardens), or we set fire to a house merely to warm ourselves with the blaze, and all the time

feel no pang of compunction. The familiar check of waking hours, "I must not do it, because it would be unjust or unkind," never once seems to arrest us in the satisfaction of any whim which may blow about our wayward fancies in sleep. Nay, I think that if ever we do feel a sentiment like Repentance in dreams, it is not the legitimate sequel to the crime we have previously imagined, but a wave of feeling rolled on from the real sentiment experienced in former hours of consciousness. Our dream-selves, like the Undines of German folk-lore, have no Souls, no Responsibility and no Hereafter. Of course this observation does not touch the fact that a person who in his conscious life has committed a great crime may be haunted with its hideous shadow in his sleep, and that Lady Macbeth may in vain try and wash the stain from her "little hand." It is the imaginary acts of sleeping fancy which are devoid of moral character. But this immoral character of unconscious cerebration precisely tallies with the Kantian doctrine, that the moral will is the true *Homo Noumenon*, the Self of man. This conscious Self being dormant in dreams, it is obvious that the true phenomena of Conscience cannot be developed in them. Plutarch says that Zeno ordered his followers to regard dreams as a test of virtue, and to note it as a dangerous sign if they did not recoil, even in their sleep, from vice; and Sir Thomas Browne talks solemnly of "Sinful Dreams," which ecclesiastical history abundantly shows have proved terrible stumbling-blocks to the saints. But the doctrine of Unconscious Cerebration explains clearly enough how, in the absence of the controlling Will, the animal elements of our nature assert themselves—generally in the ratio of their unnatural suppression at other times—and abstinence is made up for by hungry Fancy spreading a glutton's feast. The want of sense of sin in such dreams is, I think, the most natural and most healthful symptom about them.

But if moral Repentance rarely or never follow the imaginary transgressions of dreams, another sense, the Saxon sense of Dissatisfaction in unfinished work, is not only often present, but sometimes exceedingly harassing. The late eminent physician, Professor John Thomson of Edinburgh, quitted his father's cottage in early manhood, leaving half woven a web of cloth on which he had been engaged as a weaver's apprentice. Half a century afterwards, the then wealthy and celebrated gentleman still found his slumbers

\* "E.g. Out of the Sentiment of the Justice of God come Ideas of a great Final Assize and Day of Judgment. Out of the Sentiment that He is Author of all things, a definite Idea of six days' world-making," &c. &c. (From a sermon by Rev. James Martineau.)

disturbed by the apparition of his old loom and the sense of the imperative duty of finishing the never-completed web. The tale is like a parable of what all this life's neglected duties may be to us, perchance in an absolved and glorified Hereafter, wherein, nevertheless, that web which we have left undone will have passed from our hands for ever! Of course, as it is the proper task of the unconscious brain to direct voluntary labours started by the will, it is easily explicable why it should be tormented by the sense of their incompleteness.

But leaving the vast half-studied subject of dreams (a whole mine as it is of psychological discovery), we must turn to consider the surprising phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration, developed under conditions of abnormal excitement. Among these I class those mysterious Voices, issuing we know not whence, in which some strong fear, doubt, or hope finds utterance. The part played by these Voices in the history both of religion and of fanaticism it is needless to describe. So far as I can judge, they are of two kinds. One is a sort of lightning-burst suddenly giving intensely vivid expression to a whole set of feelings or ideas which have been lying latent in the brain, and which are in opposition to the feelings and ideas of our conscious selves at the moment. Thus the man ready to commit a crime hears a voice appealing to him to stop; while the man praying ardently for faith hears another voice say, "There is no God." Of course the first suggestion is credited to heaven, and the second to the powers of the Pit, but the source of both is, I apprehend, the same. The second class of Voices are the result, not of unconscious Reasoning but of unconscious Memory. Under some special excitement, and perhaps inexplicably remote association of ideas, some words which once made a violent impression on us are remembered from the inner depths. Chance may make these either awfully solemn, or as ludicrous as that of a gentleman shipwrecked off South America, who, as he was sinking and almost drowning, distinctly heard his mother's voice say, "Tom! did you take Jane's cake?" The portentous inquiry had been addressed to him forty years previously, and (as might have been expected) had been wholly forgotten. In fever, in a similar way, ideas and words long consigned to oblivion are constantly reproduced; nay, what is most curious of all, long trains of phrases which the individual had indeed heard, but which could

hardly have become a possession of the memory in its natural state, are then brought out in entire unconsciousness. My readers will recall the often-quoted and well-authenticated story of the peasant girl in the Hôtel Dieu in Paris, who in her delirium frequently "spouted" Hebrew. After much inquiry it was found she had been cook to a learned priest who had been in the habit of reading aloud his Hebrew books in the room adjoining her kitchen. A similar anecdote is told of another servant girl who in abnormal sleep imitated some beautiful violin playing which she had heard many years previously.

From Sounds to Sight the transition is obvious. Apparition is to the optical sense what such a Voice as we have spoken of above is to the hearing. At a certain point of intensity the latent idea in the unconscious brain reveals itself and produces an impression on the sensory; sometimes affecting one sense, sometimes another, sometimes perhaps two senses at a time.

Hibbert's ingenious explanation of the philosophy of apparitions is this. We are, he says, in our waking hours, fully aware that what we really see and hear are actual sights and sounds; and what we only conjure up by fancy are delusions. In our sleeping hours this sense is not only lost, but the opposite conviction fully possesses us; namely, that what we conjure up by fancy in our dreams is true, while the real sights and sounds around us are unperceived. These two states are exchanged for each other at least twice in every twenty-four hours of our lives, and generally much oftener, in fact every time we doze or take a nap. Very often such slumbers begin and end before we have become aware of them; or have lost consciousness of the room and its furniture surrounding us. If at such times a peculiarly vivid dream takes the form of an apparition of a dead friend, there is nothing to rectify the delusion that what we have fancied is real, nay even a background of positive truth is apparently supplied by the bedstead, curtains, &c. &c., of whose presence we have not lost consciousness for more than the fraction of time needful for a dream.

It would, I think, be easy to apply this reasoning with great advantage, taking into view the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration. The intersection of the states wherein consciousness yields to unconsciousness, and *vice versa*, is obviously always difficult of sharp appreciation, and

leaves wide margin for self-deception; and a ghost is of all creations of fancy the one which bears most unmistakable internal evidence of being *home-made*. The poor unconscious brain goes on upon the track of the lost friend, on which the conscious soul, ere it fell asleep, had started it. But with all its wealth of fancy it never succeeds in picturing a *new* ghost, a fresh idea of the departed, whom yet by every principle of reason we know is *not* (whatever else he or she may have become), a white-faced figure in coat and trowsers, or in a silk dress and gold ornaments. All the familiar arguments proving the purely subjective nature of apparitions of the dead, or of supernatural beings, point exactly to Unconscious Cerebration as the teeming source wherein they have been engendered. In some instances, as in the famous ones quoted by Abercrombie, the brain was sufficiently distempered to call up such phantoms even while the conscious self was in full activity. "Mrs. A." saw all her visions calmly, and knew that they were visions; thus bringing the conscious and unconscious workings of her brain into an awful sort of face-to-face recognition; like the sight of a *Doppel-gänger*. But such experience is the exceptional one. The ordinary case is, when the unconscious cerebration supplies the apparition; and the conscious self accepts it *de bonne foi*, having no means of distinguishing it from the impressions derived from the real objects of sense.

The famous story in my own family, of the Beresford ghost, is, I think, an excellent illustration of the relation of unconscious cerebration to dreams of apparitions. Lady Beresford, as I conjecture, in her sleep hit her wrist violently against some part of her bedstead so as to hurt it severely. According to a well-known law of dreams, already referred to, her unconscious brain set about accounting for the pain, transmitting the Sensation into an Idea. An instant's sensation (as Mr. Babage, Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Lord Brougham have illustrated) is enough to call up a long vision. Lady Beresford fancied accordingly that her dead cousin, Lord Tyrone, had come to fulfil his promise of revisiting her from the tomb. He twisted her curtains and left a mark on her wardrobe (probably an old stain she had remarked on the wood), and then touched her wrist with his terrible finger. The dreamer awoke with a black and blue wrist; and the story took its place in the annals of ghost-craft for ever.

Somnambulism is an unmistakable form of unconscious cerebration. Here, while consciousness is wholly dormant, the brain performs occasionally the most brilliant operations. Coleridge's poem of Kubla Khan, composed in opiate sleep, is an instance of its achievements in the realm of pure imagination. Many cases are recorded of students rising at night, seeking their desks, and there writing down whole columns of algebraic calculations; solutions of geometric problems, and opinions on different cases of law. Cabanis says that Condillac brought continually to a conclusion at night in his sleep the reasonings of the day. In all such cases the work done asleep seems better than that done in waking hours, nay there is no lack of anecdotes which would point to the possibility of persons in an unconscious state accomplishing things beyond their ordinary powers altogether. The muscular strength of men in somnambulism and delirium, their power of balancing themselves on roofs, of finding their way in the dark, are physical advantages reserved for such conditions. Abnormal acuteness of hearing is also a well-known accompaniment of them, and in this relation we must, I conclude, understand the marvelous story vouched for by the late Sir Edward Codrington. The captain in command of a man-of-war was one night sleeping in his cabin, with a sentinel as usual posted at his door. In the middle of the night the captain rang his bell, called suddenly to the sentinel, and sharply desired him to tell the lieutenant of the watch to alter the ship's course by so many points. Next morning the officer, on greeting the captain, observed that it was most fortunate he had been aware of their position and had given such an order, as there had been a mistake in the reckoning, and the ship was in shoal water, on the point of striking a reef. "I!" said the astonished captain, "I gave no order; I slept soundly all night." The sentinel was summoned, and of course testified that the experienced commander had in some unknown way learned the peril of his ship, and saved it, even while in a state of absolute unconsciousness.

Whatever residue of truth may be found hereafter in the crucible wherein shall have been tried the marvels of spirit-rapping, mesmerism, and hypnotism; whatever revelation of forgotten facts or successful hits at secrets, is, I believe, unquestionably due to the action of Unconscious Cerebration. The person reduced to a state of coma is liable to receive sug-



gestions from without, and these suggestions and queries are answered by his unconscious brain out of whatever stores of memory it may retain. What a man *never* knew, *that* no magic has ever yet enabled him to tell; but what he has once known, and in his conscious hours has forgotten, *that* on the contrary is often recalled by the suggestive queries of the operator when he is in a state of hypnotism. A natural dream sometimes does as much, as witness all the discoveries of hidden treasures, corpses, &c., made through dreams; generally with the aid of the obvious machinery of a ghost. General Sleeman mentions that, being in pursuit of Thugs up the country, his wife one morning urgently entreated him to move their tents from the spot—a lovely opening in a jungle—where they had been pitched the previous evening. She said she had been haunted all night by the sight of dead men. Information received during the day induced the General to order digging under the ground whereon they had camped; and beneath Mrs. Sleeman's tent were found fourteen corpses, victims of the Thugs. It is easily conceivable that the foul odour of death suggested to the lady, in the unconscious cerebration of her dream, her horrible vision. Had she been in a state of mesmeric trance, the same occurrence would have formed a splendid instance of supernatural revelation.

Drunkenness is a condition in which the conscious self is more or less completely obfuscated, but in which unconscious cerebration goes on for a long time. The proverbial impunity with which drunken men fall without hurting themselves can only be attributed to the fact that the conscious will does not interfere with the unconscious instinct of falling on the parts of the body least liable to injury. The same impunity is enjoyed by persons not intoxicated, who at the moment of an accident do not exert any volition in determining which way they shall strike the ground. All the ludicrous stories of the absence of mind of tipsey men may obviously be explained by supposing that their unconscious cerebration is blindly fumbling to perform tasks needing conscious direction. And be it remembered that the proverb "*in vino veritas*" is here in exact harmony with our theory. The drunken man unconsciously blurts out the truth, his muddled brain being unequal to the task of inventing a plausible falsehood. The delicious fun of Sheridan, found under a tree and telling the police-

man that he was "Wil-Wil-Wilberforce," reveals at once that the wag, if a little exalted, was by no means really drunk. Such a joke could hardly have occurred to an unconscious brain, even one so well accustomed to the production of humour. As in dreams, intoxication never brings new elements of nature into play, but only abnormally excites latent ones. It is only a Porson who when drunk solemnly curses the "aggravating properties of inanimate matter," or when he cannot fit his latch-key, is heard muttering, "D—the nature of things!" A noble miser of the last century revealed his true character, and also the state of his purse, whenever he was fuddled, by murmuring softly to himself, "I'm very rich! I'm very rich!" In sober moments he complained continually of his limited means. In the same way it is the brutal labourer who in his besotted state thrashes his horse and kicks his wife. A drunken woman, on the contrary, unless an habitual virago, rarely strikes anybody. The accustomed vehicle for her emotions—her tongue—is the organ of whose services her unconscious cerebration avails itself.

Finally, the condition of perfect anaesthesia appears to be one in which unconscious cerebration is perfectly exemplified. The conscious Self is then so absolutely dormant that it is not only unaware of the most frightful lacerations of the nerves, but has no conception of the interval of time in which an operation takes place; usually waking to enquire, "When do the surgeons intend to begin?" Meanwhile unconscious cerebration has been busy composing a pretty little picture of green fields and skipping lambs, or something equally remote from the terrible reality.

There are many other obscure mental phenomena which I believe might be explained by the theory of unconscious cerebration, even if the grand mystery of insanity does not receive (as I apprehend it must do) some elucidation from it. Presentiments and dreams of the individual's own death may certainly be explicable as the dumb revelations of the diseased frame to its own nervous centre. The strange and painful, but very common, sense of having seen and heard at some previous time what is passing at the moment, appears to arise from some abnormal irritation of the memory (if I may so express it), evidently connected with the unconscious action of the brain. Still more "uncanny" and mysterious is the impression (to me almost amounting at



times to torture) that we have never for years quitted the spot to which we have only that instant returned after a long interval. Under this hateful spell we say to ourselves that we have been weeks, months, ages, studying the ornaments of the cornice opposite our seat in church, or following the outline of the gnarled old trees, black against the evening sky. This delusion, I think, only arises when we have undergone strong mental tension at the haunted spot. While our conscious selves have been absorbed in speculative thought or strong emotion, our unconscious cerebration has photographed the scene on our optic nerves *pour passer le temps!*

The limitations and failures of unconscious cerebration would supply us with as large a study as its marvellous powers and achievements. It is obvious at first sight, that, though in the unconscious state mental work is sometimes *better* done than in the conscious (*e.g.* the finding missing names awake, or performing abstruse calculations in somnambulism), yet that the unconscious work is never more than the *continuation* of something which has been begun in the conscious condition. We recall the name which we have known and forgotten, but we do not discover what we never knew. The man who does not understand algebra never performs algebraic calculations in his sleep. No problem in Euclid has been solved in dreams except by students who have studied Euclid awake. The merely voluntary and unconscious movements of our legs in walking, and our hands in writing and playing music, were at first in infancy, or when we began to learn each art, actions purely volitional, which often require a strong effort of the conscious will for their accomplishment.

Again, the failures of unconscious cerebration are as easily traced as its limitations. The most familiar of them may be observed in the phenomenon which we call Absence of Mind, and which seems to consist in a disturbance of the proper balance between conscious and unconscious cerebration, leaving the latter to perform tasks of which it is incapable. An absent man walks, as we say, in a dream. All men indeed, as before remarked, perform the mechanical act of walking merely voluntarily and not volitionally, but their consciousness is not so far off but that it can be recalled at a moment's notice. The porter at the door of the senses can summon the master of the house the instant

he is wanted about business. But the absent man does not answer such calls. A friend addresses him, and his unconscious brain instead of his conscious self answers the question *à tort et à travers*. He boils his watch for breakfast and puts his egg in his pocket; his unconscious brain merely concerning itself that something is to be boiled and something else put in the pocket. He searches up and down for the spectacles which are on his nose; he forgets to eat his dinner and wonders why he feels hungry. His social existence is poisoned by his unconquerable propensity to say the wrong thing to the wrong person. Meeting Mrs. Bombazine in deep widow's weeds, he cheerfully inquires, "Well, and what is Mr. Bombazine doing now?" albeit he has received formal notice that Mr. Bombazine departed a month ago to that world of whose doings no information is received. He tells Mr. Parvenu, whose father is strongly suspected of having been a shoemaker, that "for his part he does not like new-made men at the head of affairs, and holds to the good old motto, 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam';" and this brilliant observation he delivers with a pleasant laugh, giving it all possible point and pungency. If we have an acquaintance whose brother was hanged or drowned, or scraped to death with oyster-shells, then to a moral certainty the subjects of capital punishment, the perils of the deep, and the proper season for eating oysters will be the topics selected by him for conversation during the awkward ten minutes before dinner. Of course the injured friend believes he is intentionally insulted; but he is quite mistaken. The absent man had merely a vague recollection of his trouble, which unfortunately proved a stumbling-block against which his unconscious cerebration was certain to bring him into collision.

As a general rule, the unconscious brain, like an *enfant terrible*, is extremely veracious. The "Palace of Truth" is nothing but a house full of absent-minded people who unconsciously say what they think of each other, when they consciously intend to be extremely flattering. But it also sometimes happens that falsehood has so far become second nature that a man's very interjections, unconscious answers, and soliloquies may all be lies. Nothing can be more false to nature than the dramas and novels wherein profound scoundrels, in the privacy of an evening walk beside a hedge, unveil their secret plots in an address to Fate or the Moon; or fall into a well-timed brain fever, and

babble out exactly the truth which the reader needs to be told. Your real villain never tells truth even to himself, much less to Fate or the Moon; and it is to be doubted whether, even in delirium, his unconscious cerebration would not run on the accustomed ruts of fable rather than the unwonted paths of veracity.

Another failure of unconscious cerebration is seen in the continuance of habitual actions when the motive for them has ceased. A change in attire, altering the position of our pockets, never fails to cause us a dozen fruitless struggles to find our handkerchief, or replace our purse. In returning to an old abode we are sure sooner or later to blunder into our former sleeping-room, and to be much startled to find in it another occupant. It happened to me once, after an interval of eight years, to find myself again in the chamber, at the table, and seated on the chair where my little studies had gone on for half a lifetime. I had business to occupy my thoughts, and was soon (so far as consciousness went) buried in my task of writing. But all the time while I wrote my feet moved restlessly in a most unaccustomed way under the table. "What is the matter with me?" I paused at last to ask myself, and then remembered that when I had written at this table in long past days, I had had a stool under it. It was that particular stool my unconscious cerebration was seeking. During all the interval I had perhaps not once used a similar support, but the moment I sat in the same spot, the trifling habit vindicated itself afresh; the brain acted on its old impression.

Of course it is as easy as it is common to dismiss all such fantastic tricks with the single word "Habit." But the word "Habit," like the word "Law," has no positive sense as if it were itself an originating cause. It implies a persistent mode of action, but affords no clue to the force which initiates and maintains that action. All that we can say, in the case of the phenomena of unconscious cerebration, is, that when volitional actions have been often repeated, they sink into the class of voluntary ones, and are performed unconsciously. We may define the moment when a Habit is established as that wherein the Volitional act becomes Voluntary.

It will be observed by the reader that all the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration now indicated, belong to different orders as related to the Conscious Self. In one order (*e.g.*, that of Delirium, Som-

nambulism, and Anæsthesia) the Conscious Self has no appreciable concern whatever. The action of the brain has not been originated or controlled by the will; there is no sense of it either painful or pleasurable, while it proceeds; and no memory of it when it is over.

In the second order (*e.g.*, that of rediscovered words, and waking at a given hour), the Conscious Self has so far a concern, that it originally *set the task* to the brain. This done, it remains in entire ignorance of how the brain performs it, nor does Memory afterwards retain the faintest trace of the labours, however arduous, of word-seeking and time-marking.

Lastly, in the third class (*e.g.*, that of natural dreams), the share of the Conscious Self is the reverse of that which it takes in the case of word-seeking and time-marking. In dreams we do not, and cannot with our utmost effort, direct our unconscious brains into the trains of thought and fancy wherein we desire them to go. Obedient as they are in the former case, where work was to be done, here, in the land of fancy, they seem to mock our futile attempts to guide them. Nevertheless, strange to say, the Conscious Self—which knew nothing of what was going on while its leg was being amputated under chloroform, and nothing of what its brain was doing, while finding out what o'clock it was with shut eyes in the dark—is here cognizant of all the proceedings, and able in great measure to recall them afterwards. We receive intense pain or pleasure from our dreams, though we have actually less to do in concocting them than in dozens of mental processes which go on wholly unperceived in our brains.\*

Thus it would seem that neither Memory nor Volition have any constant relation to unconscious cerebration. We sometimes remember, and sometimes wholly forget its action; and sometimes it fulfils our wishes, and sometimes wholly disregards them. The one constant fact is, that *while the actions are being performed*, the Conscious Self is either wholly uncognizant of them or unable to control them. It is either in a state of high activity about other and irrelevant matters; or it is entirely passive. In every case the line between the Conscious Self and the unconsciously working brain is clearly defined.

\* Reid believed he had learned to control his dreams, and there is a story of a man who always guided his own fancy in sleep. Such dreams, however, would hardly deserve the name.

Having now faintly traced the outline of the physiological facts illustrative of unconscious cerebration, it is time to turn to the brilliant physiological explanation of them afforded by Dr. Carpenter. We have seen what our brains can do without our consciousness. The way they do it is on this wise (I quote, slightly abridged, from Dr. Carpenter).

All parts of the Nervous System appear to possess certain powers of automatic action. The *Spinal cord* has for primary functions the performance of the motions of respiration and swallowing. The automatic action of the *Sensory ganglia* seems to be connected with movements of protection — such as the closing of the eyes to a flash of light — and their secondary use enables a man to shrink from dangers of collisions, &c., before he has time for conscious escape. Finally we arrive at the automatic action of the *Cerebrum*; and here Dr. Carpenter reminds us that instead of being (as formerly supposed) the centre of the whole system, in direct connection with the organs of sense and the muscular apparatus, the *Cerebrum* is, according to modern physiology —

“A superadded organ, the development of which seems to bear a pretty constant relation to the degree in which intelligence supersedes instinct as a spring of action. The ganglionic matter which is spread out upon the surface of the hemispheres, and in which their potentiality resides, is connected with the *Sensory Tract* at their base (which is the real centre of conveyance for the sensory nerves of the whole body) by commissural fibres, long since termed by Reid, with sagacious foresight, ‘nerves of the internal senses,’ and its anatomical relation to the sensorium is thus precisely the same as that of the *Retina*, which is a ganglionic expansion connected with the Sensorium by the optic nerve. Hence it may be fairly surmised — 1. That as we only become conscious of visual impressions on the retina when their influence has been transmitted to the central sensorium, so we only become conscious of ideational changes in the cerebral hemispheres when their influence has been transmitted to the same centre; 2. That as visual changes may take place in the retina of which we are unconscious, either through temporary inactivity of the Sensorium (as in sleep), or through the entire occupation of the attention in some other direction, so may ideational changes take place in the *Cerebrum*, of which we may be unconscious for want of receptivity on the part of the Sensorium, but of which the results may present themselves to the consciousness as ideas elaborated by an automatic process of which we have no cognizance.”\*

\* Report of Meeting of Royal Institution. Dr. Carpenter's Lecture, March 1, 1868, pp. 4, 5.

Lastly, we come to the conclusions to be deduced from the above investigations. We have credited to the Unconscious Brain the following powers and faculties; —

1. It not only *remembers* as much as the Conscious Self can recall, but often much more. It is even doubtful whether it may not be capable, under certain conditions, of reproducing every impression ever made upon the senses during life.

2. It can *understand* what words or things are sought to be remembered, and hunt them up through some recondite process known only to itself, till it discovers and pounces on them.

3. It can *fancy* the most beautiful pictures and also the most terrible ones, and weave ten thousand fables with inexhaustible invention.

4. It can perform the exceedingly difficult task of mental arrangement and logical division of subjects.

5. It can transact all the mechanical business of walking, reading, writing, sewing, playing, &c. &c.

6. It can tell the hour in the middle of the night without a timepiece.

Let us be content with these ordinary and unmistakable exercises of unconscious cerebration, and leave aside all rare or questionable wonders of somnambulism and cognate states. We have got Memory, Fancy, Understanding, at all events, as faculties exercised in full by the Unconscious Brain. Now it is obvious that it would be an unusual definition of the word “Thought” which should debar us from applying it to the above phenomena; or compel us to say that we can remember, fancy, and understand without “thinking” of the things remembered, fancied, or understood. But Who, or What, then, is it that accomplishes these confessedly mental functions? Two answers are given to the query, each of them, as I venture to think, erroneous. Büchner and his followers say, “It is our physical Brains, and these Brains are ourselves.”\* And non-materialists say, “It is our conscious Selves, which merely use our brains as their instruments.” We must go into this matter somewhat carefully.

In a certain loose and popular way of speaking, our brains are “ourselves.” So also in the same way of speaking are our hearts, our limbs, and the hairs of our head. But in more accurate language the use of

\* Büchner's precise doctrine is, “The brain is only the carrier and the source, or rather the *sole cause* of the spirit or thought; but not the organ which secretes it. It produces something which is not materially permanent, but which consumes itself in the moment of its production.” — *Kraft und Stoff*, chap. xiii.

the pronoun "I" applied to any part of our bodies is obviously incorrect, and even inadmissible. We say, indeed, commonly, "I struck with my hand," when our hand has obeyed our volition. It is, then, in fact, the will of the Self which we are describing. But if our hand has been forcibly compelled to strike by another man seizing it, or if it have shaken by palsy, we only say, "My hand was forced," or "was shaken." The limb's action is not *ours*, unless it has been done by our will. In the case of the heart, the very centre of physical life, we never dream of using such a phrase as "I am beating slowly," or "I am palpitating fast." And why do we not say so? Because, the action of our hearts being involuntary, we are sensible that the conscious "I" is not the agent in question, albeit the mortal life of that "I" is hanging on every pulsation. Now the problem which concerns us is this: Can we, or can we *not*, properly speak of our brains as we do of our hearts? Is it more proper to say, "I invent my dreams," than it is to say, "I am beating slowly"? I venture to think the cases are precisely parallel. When our brains perform acts of unconscious cerebration (such as dreams), they act just as our hearts do, *i. e.* involuntarily; and we ought to speak of them as we always do of our hearts, as of organs of our frame, but not our Selves. When our brains obey our wills, then they act as our hands do when we voluntarily strike a blow; and then we do right to speak as if "we" performed the act accomplished by their means.

Now to return to our point. Are the anti-Materialists right to say that the agent in unconscious cerebration is "We, ourselves, who merely use our brains as their instruments;" or are the Materialists right who say, "It is our physical brains alone, and these brains are ourselves"? With regard to the first reply, I think that all the foregoing study has gone to show that "we" are *not* remembering, *not* fancying, *not* understanding what is being at the moment remembered, fancied, or understood. To say, then, that in such acts "we" are "using our brains as our instruments," appears nothing but a servile and unmeaning adherence to the foregone conclusion that our brains are nothing else than the organs of our will. It is absurd to call them so when we are concerned with phenomena whose speciality is that the will has nothing to do with them. So far, then, as this part of the argument is concerned, I think the answer of the anti-Materialists must be pronounced to be erroneous. The balance

of evidence inclines to the Materialists' doctrine that the brain itself performs the mental processes in question, and, to use Vogt's expression, "*secretes Thought*" automatically and spontaneously.

But if this presumption be accepted provisionally, and the possibility admitted of its future physiological demonstration, have we, with it, accepted also the Materialist's ordinary conclusion that *we* and our automatically thinking brains are one and indivisible? If the brain can work by itself, have we any reason to believe it ever works *also* under the guidance of something external to itself, which we may describe as the Conscious Self? It seems to me that this is precisely what the preceding facts have likewise gone to prove — namely, that there are two kinds of action of the brain, the one Automatic, and the other subject to the will of the Conscious Self; just as the actions of a horse are some of them spontaneous and some done under the compulsion of his rider. The first order of actions tend to indicate that the brain "*secretes thought*;" the second order (strongly contrasting with the first) show that, beside the automatically working brain, there is another agency in the field under whose control the brain performs a wholly different class of labours. Everywhere in the preceding pages we have traced the extraordinary *separation* which continually takes place between our Conscious Selves and the automatic action of the organ, which serves as our medium of communication with the outward world. We have seen, in a word, that we are not Centaurs, steed and rider in one, but horsemen, astride on roadsters which can trot very well a little way when we drop the reins, and which at other times play and canter off without our permission.

When we place the phenomena of Unconscious Thought on one side, and over against them our conscious personality, we obtain, I think, a new and vivid sense of the separation, not to say the antithesis, which exists between the two; close as is their mutual interdependence. Not to talk about the distinction between object and subject, or dwell on the absurdity (as it seems to us) of the proposition that we ourselves are only the sum-total of a series of cerebrations — the recognition of the fact that *our brains sometimes think without us*, seems to enable us to view our connection with them in quite a new light. So long as all our attention was given to Conscious Thought, and philosophers eagerly argued the question, whether the Soul did

or did not ever sleep or cease to think, it was easy to confound the organ of thought with the Conscious Self who was supposed the one to set it in action. But the moment we mass together for review the long array of the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration, the case is altered; the severance becomes not only cogitable, but manifest.

Let us then accept cheerfully the possibility, perhaps the probability, that science ere long will proclaim the dogma, "Matter can think." Having humbly bowed to the decree, we shall find ourselves none the worse. Admitting that our brains accomplish much without our conscious guidance, will help us to realize that our relation to them is of a variable—an intermittent—and (we may venture to hope) of a terminable kind.

That such a conclusion, if reached, will have afforded us any *direct* argument for human immortality, cannot be pretended. Though we may succeed in proving "that the Brain can think without the Conscious Man," the great converse theorem, "That the Conscious Man can think without a Brain," has as yet received no jot of direct evidence; nor ever will do so, I hold, while we walk by faith and not by sight, and Heaven remains "a part of our religion, and not a branch of our geography!"

But it is something, nay it is surely much, if, by groping among the obscurer facts of consciousness, we may attain the certainty that whatever be the final conclusions of science regarding our mental nature, the one which we have most dreaded, if reached at last, will militate not at all against the hope, written on the heart of the nations, by that Hand which writes no falsehoods—that "when the dust returns to the dust whence it was taken, the Spirit—the Conscious Self of Man—shall return to God who gave it."

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From The Spectator.

#### LATENT THOUGHT.

MISS COBBE has written a very interesting and thoughtful essay in the new number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, on what has been called, in relation to the similar phenomena of latent heat, latent thought. With her conclusion we cannot agree, but we will just describe some of the premisses which she presents very vividly and clearly in this essay. Everybody is aware that a great deal of condensed intelligence is included in acts to which we give no con-

scious thought at all. Anybody who has learnt to play on the piano, or to knit, or to ride, or to read aloud, will go through any of these processes with perfect accuracy, with a completely absent mind, a mind so absent that no trace of the proceeding remains when the consciousness returns. The present writer remembers often watching an eminent conveyancer, "settling," as it is called, his pupils' drafts of settlements or wills, and observing how he used to nap visibly in the process, though with his eyes just open, as he scanned the dismal pages of plain-sailing common form; but no sooner did any pupil's blunder occur than he woke up, exactly as if he had stumbled over a physical obstacle, and came to himself in a moment. Miss Cobbe reminds us of the work our brains seem to do in actual sleep, of the clearness and lucidity to which we awaken after going to sleep in the most dreary confusion of thought on the subject we were considering. She refers to the agency of the same sort of latent thought, those sudden voices which visionaries are apt to hear,—religious visionaries being sometimes terrified by sudden exclamations like "There is no God" sounded in their ear, which they ascribe to the Tempter, and irreligious visionaries being often converted by hearing a sudden warning not to commit the crime on which they are bent. This is, says Miss Cobbe acutely, and perhaps in many cases justly, the pent-up part of the nature, the accumulated feelings of the kind opposite to that habitually indulged, bursting, at last, out of latent into conscious life. To habit, which is a kind of latent thought, she refers, again, the futile automatic attempts of absent-minded persons to do what they have been accustomed to do, after the conditions are changed, the attempt of a man to feel in his pocket when he has no pocket accessible, the unconscious fishing with the feet for an accustomed footstool, and the *malapropos* remarks on which a mind just sensible of the leading train of association, but oblivious of its exact bearing, so often stumbles,—as in the case of the young lady who, when told by a middle-aged admirer who had lost all his hair, that her father's face had such an eagle glance about it, replied, with a meaning look, "Yes, but not the Bald-headed Eagle," thereby, without the slightest consciousness of her inuendo, alienating her admirer for ever.

Any one who will turn to Miss Cobbe's essay will find an ample number of illustrations of the work of this latent intelligence, intelligence which, whether it suc-



ceeds or fails, performs all the duties of thought without giving us a single moment's distinct consciousness. Now, what Miss Cobbe infers from all this is, that under certain circumstances the brain works, as many of the nerves of the sensory ganglia work, automatically, and that this brain-work is no more identical with the work of the true self than the calculating machine by which Mr. Babbage performed abstruse calculations, or the logic machine by which Mr. Stanley Jevons deduces the true inference from given premisses, is identical with the true self. What Miss Cobbe seems to think is that the brain is really, more or less, of a thinking apparatus, which can be used by the soul; but which is quite distinct from the soul, and shows its distinctness by its separability,—and by the difference in the tracks which it pursues when under the control of the will and when not under the control of the will. The relation of the brain to the will Miss Cobbe represents to us as analogous to the relation of the horse to its rider; "there are two kinds of action of the brain, the one Automatic, and the other subject to the will of the Conscious Self, just as the actions of a horse are some of them spontaneous, and some done under the compulsion of his rider. The first order of actions tends to indicate that the brain 'secretes thought'; the second order (strongly contrasting with the first) shows that besides that automatically working brain, there is another agency in the field under whose control the brain performs a wholly different class of labours."

Now, this does not seem to us a correct inference from the class of acts to which Miss Cobbe refers. We believe that the Self extends far beyond what we can justly call the *Conscious Self*. For, in the first place, Miss Cobbe's reasoning proves a great deal too much. Miss Cobbe is certainly aware of the fact, though she may not have considered it in relation to the subject of her essay, that much of what she calls conscious intellectual work is demonstrably nothing but the sum and total result of an infinite number of what must be called, in her phraseology, unconscious brain-acts. Thus it is quite certain that there is a surface on the paper on which we are now writing so minute as to be absolutely invisible to the naked eye, and yet it is equally certain that it produces its impression on the eye, and that the visual perception of any square inch of the paper we are writing upon is practically made up of a collection of visual impressions so minute as not *separately* to

be capable of producing a consciousness of vision at all, though, when bound up in one, they impress the eye as a whole square inch. Now, if Miss Cobbe maintains that the unconscious intellectual work is brain-work as distinguished from soul-work, solely *because* it is unconscious, she must maintain that every act of attentive visual perception, however freely and purposely set in action by the will, is made up of infinitesimal elements of mere mechanical brain-work, in other words, say, that a hundred thousand blind mechanisms make a conscious act. What we mean is this,—if our mere unconsciousness is to be the test that a given effect produced is produced by the brain without the co-operation of the self, it will follow necessarily that all conscious perceptions which can be shown to be made up of a number of agencies of which we have no consciousness, are also produced by the brain without the co-operation of the mind. But if this be so, the strong distinction which Miss Cobbe wishes to set up between the voluntary and the involuntary intellectual work disappears. If we are told that 16 ounces make a pound, we know at once that if an ounce is a weight, a pound must be a weight also; the two things must be of the same *kind*, or a certain number of one would not make up one of the other. So, if all unconscious acts of the mind are to be set down as the work of the brain, since in all cases of perception it is certain that the object perceived may be so subdivided that no separate atom of it would be separately perceived, it follows that there is no difference of *kind* between those separate elements of a perception which fail to produce conscious discernment, and that addition or integration of them all into one, that does produce conscious discernment.

And next, we doubt if Miss Cobbe has put the right interpretation on some of the most interesting facts she analyzes. For example, she calls attention very properly to the very curious fact that we can fix the hour at which we will wake, and wake punctually, at that hour, and she attributes this to the unconscious machinery of the brain acting without our volition but with much more marvellous success, than our waking mind, unassisted by clocks or watches, could attain. But is it conceivable that, even if we grant Miss Cobbe her distinction (which we believe to be fallacious) between the automatic work of the brain and the conscious work of the mind, the marvellous power is due to the former rather than the latter? Consider only that it is a conscious *pur-*

pose, not a mere chain of involuntary associations, which is here at work. Consider, again, what Jouffroy, in his remarkable essay on sleep, pointed out, that custom will make one set of sleepers specially sensitive to the sounds they are accustomed to hear, and another set of sleepers entirely insensible to the sounds they are accustomed to hear,—according as the sleeper knows that he ought to attend to, or ought to neglect, them. The attendant on an invalid who wishes to waken at any sound which implies the need of her assistance, will always waken, however used her ear is to that sound, and, indeed, because it is so used. On the other hand, those who sleep near a great thoroughfare will never waken at the sound of the passing carriages, precisely because the ear is used to them, and the mind is so thoroughly aware that they need no attention. Yet such a sleeper will wake in a moment at a much slighter noise in his own room which he has not learnt to interpret as harmless. All this blowing hot and cold with the same faculty, surely proves that there is some listener who can *interpret* the sounds he hears, and who behaves differently according to the different demands on him,—a course of action which can hardly be attributed to any mere mechanical process for “secreting thought.” No doubt the light, unaccustomed noise might “secrete” the thought of danger, but why should the thought of danger “secrete” the thought of waking up, and not rather secrete a dream? Waking up means the recovery of the power of the will over the physical organization, but if the physical organization be separable and quite separated from the will, and indeed an automatic machinery capable of working without the will, how can that which happens only to the brain, and not to the will, induce the brain to go back to the will for control? You can construct an alarm to make a loud sound at a particular hour, but you cannot construct one to meet an unexpected emergency, to strike at four if the day is bright and warm, and not till six if the day is bleak and cold. The power of a sleeper’s mind to impress a distinct purpose on his sleep, and, still more, so far to interpret disturbing sounds that they shall be neglected if of no moment, and attended to if either known to be important or not known to be unimportant, seems to us distinctly to prove that if we are to distinguish at all between the automatic work of the brain and the voluntary work directed by the mind, the deliberate control of sleep is due to the latter, and not to the former agency.

To use Miss Cobbe’s simile, it is the rider who spurs his horse punctually at the needful time, not the horse who by a punctual curvet awakens his rider.

But, in truth, we do not believe in Miss Cobbe’s distinction at all. We hold that whatever relation the functions of the brain may have to the mind which uses them, no act which it takes conscious volition to learn to do, *ever* falls back into mere automatic brain work. Now, every original perception really implies *attention*, which is an act of will, and however rapidly we learn to get over that act when it becomes familiar to us,—though the amount of attention devoted to it may become by habit so infinitesimal that it entirely escapes our own observation,—it never really ceases wholly to be voluntary. It may require so little attention that we instantaneously forget having given any,—indeed, we seldom remember anything without devoting a good deal of attention to it,—but instantaneous forgetfulness does not prove the complete absence of volition. We do not at all believe in the “secretion of thought.” No doubt there are physical conditions at present essential to thought, but thought without will is, we believe, a contradiction in terms. Thought without *remembered* will is, of course, common enough, and a very different matter indeed. Much of the refreshment of intellectual power observable after a night’s rest is, we believe, due not to the continuation of the thinking process during the night, but to its cessation. Thought implies will, or attention. But attention is often falsely directed, gets into preconceived ruts and grooves. We have reasoned ourselves into a belief that the important point is so and so, and keep worrying at it when it is only misleading us, and the really critical point is elsewhere. In sleep the strain of misdirected attention is relaxed. We get up the next morning, take a fresh glance at the subject, see at once that we were executing a reconnaissance in the wrong quarter, and this time go right. But that is not the result of continued intellectual work, but of relaxed intellectual work,—of ceasing to insist urgently on a wrong effort.

On the whole, we would beg Miss Cobbe to reconsider the subject, and believe she will come to the conclusion, that though there is plenty of mental activity so minute as to be hardly observable and instantaneously forgotten, there is no such thing, even conceivable, as thought absolutely *without* will. A person destitute of will could not even dream, would be incapable of discriminating himself from that which was not himself altogether.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE POETRY AND HUMOUR OF THE  
SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

## PART I.—THE POETRY.

THE Scottish language? Yes, most decidedly a language! and no more a branch dialect or corruption of English than Dutch is of Danish, or *vice versa*; but a true language, differing not merely from English in pronunciation, but in the possession of many beautiful words, which are not and never were English, and in the use of inflections unknown to literary and spoken English since the days of Piers Ploughman and Chaucer. The English and Scotch languages are both mainly derived from the Teutonic; and, five or six hundred years ago, may be correctly described as having been Anglo-Saxon and Scoto-Saxon. Time has replaced the Anglo-Saxon by the modern English, but has spared the Scoto-Saxon, which still remains a living speech. Though the children of one mother, the two have lived apart, received different educations, developed themselves under dissimilar circumstances, and received accretions from independent and unrelated sources. The English, as far as it remains an Anglo-Saxon tongue, is derived from the Low German with a mixture of the Scandinavian and Icelandic; while the Lowland Scotch, or Scoto-Saxon, is indebted more immediately to the Dutch, Flemish, and Danish both for its fundamental and most characteristic words, and for its inflection and grammar. The English, like the Teutonic, bristles with consonants. The Scotch is as spangled with vowels as a meadow with daisies in the month of May. English, though perhaps the most muscular and copious language in the world, is harsh and sibilant; while the Scotch, with its beautiful terminational diminutives, is almost as soft as the Italian. English songs, like those of Moore and Campbell,\* however excellent they may be as poetical compositions, are, for these reasons, not so available for musical purposes as the songs of Scotland. An Englishman, if he sings of a "pretty little girl," uses words deficient in euphony, and suggests comedy rather than sentiment; but when a Scotchman sings of a "bonnie wee lassie," he employs words that are

much softer than their English equivalents, express a tenderer idea, and are infinitely better adapted to music.

The principal components of the Scottish tongue are derived, first, from the Teutonic, comprising many words once possessed by the English, but which have become obsolete in the latter; secondly, words and inflections derived from the Dutch, Flemish, and Norse; thirdly, words derived from the French, or from the Latin and Greek through a French medium; and fourthly, words derived from the Gaelic or Celtic language of the Highlands, which is indubitably a branch of the Sanscrit. As regards the first source, it is interesting to note that in the Glossary appended to Mr. Thomas Wright's edition of those ancient and excellent alliterative poems, the "Vision" and "Creed" of Piers Ploughman, there occur about two thousand obsolete English or Anglo-Saxon words, many of which are still retained in the Scoto-Saxon of the Scottish Lowlands; and that in the Glossary to Tyrrwhitt's edition of Chaucer there occur upwards of six thousand words which need explanation to the modern English reader, and full one-half of which need no explanation whatever to a Scotsman. Even Shakespeare is becoming obsolete to his countrymen, and uses upwards of two thousand four hundred words which Mr. Howard Staunton, his latest, and, in many respects, his most judicious editor, thinks it necessary to collect in a Glossary for the better elucidation of the text. Many hundreds of these words are perfectly familiar to a Scottish ear, and require no interpreter. It appears from these facts that the Scotch is a far more conservative language than the English, and that although it does not object to receive new words, it clings reverently and affectionately to the old. The consequence of this mingled tenacity and elasticity is, that it possesses a vocabulary which includes for a Scotchman's uses every word of the modern English language, and several thousand words which the English people never possessed, or have suffered to drop into desuetude.

In addition to this conservancy of the bone and sinew of the language, the Scoto-Saxon possesses an advantage over the modern English in having reserved to itself the power, while retaining all the old words of the language, to eliminate all harsh or unnecessary consonants. Thus it has *loe*, for love; *fū*, for fall; *wa*, for wall; *awfu*, for awful; *sma*, for small; and many hundreds of similar abbrevia-

\* Neither of these was an Englishman. And it is curious to note that no Englishman has ever rendered himself very famous as a song-writer, with the sole exceptions of Thomas Durfey and Charles Dibdin, whose songs are by no means of the highest merit; while Scotsmen who have written excellent songs both in their own language and in English, are to be counted by the score—or the hundred.

tions, which detract nothing from the force of the idea or the clearness of the meaning, while they soften the roughness of the expression. No such power resides in the English or French, though it was once inherent in both languages. Very little of it belongs to the German, though it remains in all those European tongues which trace their origin to the Platt-Deutsch. The Scottish poet or versifier may write *fa'* or *fall* as it pleases him, but his English compeer must write "fall" without abbreviation. Another source of the superior euphony of the Scoto-Saxon is the single diminutive in *ie*, and the double diminutive in *kie*, which may be applied to any noun in the language, as *wife*, *wifie*, *wifkie*, wife, little wife, very little wife: *bairn*, *bairnie*, *bairnikie*, child, little child, very little child; *bird*, *birdie*, *birdikie*; and *lass*, *lassie*, *lassikie*, &c. A few English nouns remain susceptible of diminutives, though in a less musical form, as *lamb*, *lambkin*; *goose*, *gosling*, &c. The beauty of the Scottish forms of the diminutive is obvious. Take, for instance, the following lines:—

"Hap and row, hap and row,  
Hap and row the feetie o't;  
It is a wee bit wearie thing,  
I downa bide the greetie o't."

Endeavour to translate into English the diminutives "feetie" and "greetie," and the superiority of the Scottish for poetical purposes will be obvious.

While these abbreviations and diminutives increase not only the melody but the naïveté and archness of the spoken language, the retention of the old and strong inflections of verbs, that are wrongfully called irregular, contributes very much to its force and harmony, giving it at the same time an advantage over the modern English, which has consented to allow many useful preterites and past participles to perish altogether. In literary and conversational English there is no preterite for the verbs *to beat*, *to bet*, *to bid*, *to forbid*, *to cast*, *to cost*, *to hit*, *to hurt*, *to let*, *to put*, *to shut*, *to thrust*, *to set*, &c.; while only three of them, *to beat*, *to bid*, and *to forbid*, retain the past participle, *beaten*, *bidden*, *forbidden*. The Scottish language, on the contrary, has retained all the ancient forms of these verbs; and can say, "I *cast*, I *coost*, and I have *casten* a stone;" or "I *put*, I *pat*, or I have *putten* on my coat;" "I *hurt*, I *huried*, or I have *hurten* myself;" "I *thrust*, I *thrusted*, or I have *thrusten* him out of doors;" and "I *let*, I *loot*, or I have *letten* fa' my tears," &c.

Chaucer, as was remarked in an article upon "Lost Preterites" in *Maga* for September 1869, made an effort to introduce many French words into the courtly and literary English of his time, but with very slight success. No such systematic effort was made by any Scottish writer of repute; yet, nevertheless, in consequence of the friendly intercourse long subsisting between France and Scotland—an intercourse that was alike political, commercial, and social—a considerable number of words of French origin crept into the Scottish vernacular, and there established themselves with a tenacity that is not likely to be relaxed as long as the language continues to be either written or spoken. Some of these are among the most racy and characteristic differences between the English and the Scotch. It will be sufficient if we cite; to *fash* one's self, to be troubled with or about anything—from *se fâcher*, to be angered; *douce* gentle, good-tempered, courteous—from *doux*, soft; *dour*, grim, obdurate, slow to forgive or relent—from *dur*, hard; *bien*, comfortable, well to do in worldly affairs—from *bien*, well; *ashet*, a dish—from *assiette*, a plate; a *creel*, a fish-basket—from *creille*, a basket; a *gigot* of mutton—from *gigot*, a leg; *awnrie*, a linen-press or plate-cupboard—from *armoire*, a movable cupboard or press; *bonnie*, beautiful and good—from *bon*, good; *airles* and *airle-penny*, money paid in advance to seal a bargain—from *arrhes*, a deposit on account; *brulzie*, a fight or dispute—from *s'embrouiller*, to quarrel; *callant*, a lad, a brave boy—from *galant*, a lover or a gallant youth; *braw*, fine—from *brave*, honest and courageous; *dool*, sorrow—from *deuil*, mourning; *grozet*, a gooseberry (which, be it said in parenthesis, is a popular English corruption from *gorseberry*)—from *groseille*; *taupie*, a thoughtless, foolish girl, who does not look before her to see what she is doing—from *taupe*, a mole; *haggis*, the Scottish national dish—from *hachis*, a hash; *pawn*, peacock—from *paon*; *caddie*, a young man acting as a porter or messenger—from *cadet*, the younger born; *spaule*, the shoulder—from *épaule*, &c.

The Scoto-Saxon words derived immediately from the Dutch, and following the Dutch rules of pronunciation, are exceedingly numerous. Among these are *wanhope*—from *wanhoop*, despair; *wanchance*, *wanlust*, *wanrestful*, and many others, where the English adopt the German *un* instead of *wan*. *Ben*, the inner, as distinguished from *but*, the outer, room of a cottage, is from *binne*, or *be-in*, within, as

but is from *buyten*, or *be-out*, without. *Stane* a stone, comes from *steen*; *smack*, to taste—from *smak*; *goud*, gold—from *goud*; *loup*, to leap—from *loopen*; *fell*, cruel, violent, fierce—from *fel*; *kist*, a chest—from *kist*; *mutch*, a woman's cap—from *mutts*; *ghaist*, a ghost—from *geest*; *dowf*, sad—from *dof*, heavy; *kame*, a comb—from *kam*; *rocklay* (*rocklaigh*), a short coat—from *rok*, a petticoat or jupon; *het*, hot—from *heet*; *geck*, to mock or make a fool of—from *gek*, a fool; *lear*, knowledge—from *leer*, doctrine or learning; *bane* or *bain*, a bone—from *been*; *paddock*, a toad—from *pad*; *caff*, chaff—from *kaf*, straw; *yooky*, itchy—from *yuk*, an itch; *hauver*, oatmeal ("Oh, whaur did ye get that *hauver*-meal bannock?")—Burns) — from *haver*, oats; *clyte*, to fall heavily or suddenly to the ground—from *kluyt*, the sword, and *kluyten*, to fall on the sword; *breeks*, breeches, trousers—from *breck*; *blythe*, lively, good-humoured—from *blyde*, contented; and *minnie*, a term of childish endearment for mother—from *min*, love.

The Scottish words derived from the Gaelic are more apparent in the names of places than in the colloquial phraseology of every-day life. Among these *ben*, *glen*, *burn burnie*, *strath*, *bog*, *corrie*, *crag* or *craig*, and *cairn*, will recur to the memory of any one who has lived or travelled in Scotland, or is conversant with Scottish literature. *Gillie*, a boy or servant; *grieve*, a land-steward or agent, are not only ancient Scottish words, but have lately become English. *Loof*, the open palm, is derived from the Gaelic *lamh* (pronounced *laff* or *lav*), the hand; *cuddle*, to embrace—from *cadail*, sleep; *whisky*—from *uisge*, water; *clachan*, a village—from *clach*, a stone; *croon*, to hum a tune—from *crui*, to lament or moan; *bailie*, a city or borough magistrate—from *baile*, a town; *tinder*, from *teine*, fire; *sonsie*, fresh, healthful, young, good-looking—from *sonas*, good fortune; *grove*, an assemblage of trees—from *craobh*, pronounced *craov*, a tree; *fallow*, lying uncultivated, from *falamb*, pronounced *fallav*, empty,—may serve as specimens of the many words, which, in the natural intercourse between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders, have been derived from the ancient Gaelic by the more modern Scots-Saxon.

Four centuries ago, the English or Anglo-Saxon, when Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate were still intelligible, had a much greater resemblance to the Scots-Saxon than it has at the present day. William Dunbar, one of the earliest, as he was one

of the best, of the Scottish poets, and supposed to have been born in 1465, in the reign of James III. in Scotland, and of Edward IV. in England, wrote, among other poems, the "Thrissel and the Rose." This composition was equally intelligible to the people of both countries. It was designed to commemorate the marriage of James IV. with Margaret Tudor, daughter of King Henry VII. of England—that small cause of many great events, of which the issues have extended to our time, and which gave the Stewarts their title to the British throne. Though Dunbar wrote in the Scotch of the *literati*, rather than in that of the common people, as did King James I. at an earlier period, when, a captive in Windsor Castle, he indited his beautiful poem, "The King's Quair," to celebrate the grace and loveliness of the Lady Beaufort, whom he afterwards married; the "Thrissel and the Rose" is only archaic in its orthography, and contains no words that a commonly well-educated Scottish ploughman cannot at this day understand, though it might puzzle some of the University men who write leaders for the London press to interpret it without the aid of a glossary. Were the spelling of the following passages modernized, it would be found that there is nothing in any subsequent poets, from Dunbar's day to our own, with which it need fear a comparison, either in point of poetry or of popular comprehension—

"Quhen Merché wes with variand windis past,  
And Apryll haddé, with her silver shouris,  
Tane leif at nature, with ane orient blast,  
And lusty May, that mudder is of flouris,  
Had maid the birdis to begyn their houris  
Among the tender odouris reid and quhyt,  
Quhois harmony to heir it was delyt.

"In bed at morrowe, sleiping as I lay,  
Methocht Aurora, with her crystal een,  
In at the window lukit by the day,  
And halsit me with visage paille and grene,  
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the spene:  
'Awauk luvaris! out of your slummering!  
See how the lusty morrowe dois upspring!'"

Many of the popular authors of that century did not, like Dunbar, confine their poetic efforts to the speech of the learned, but wrote in the vernacular of the peasantry and townspeople. The well-known poem of "Pebelis to the Play" is the earliest specimen of this class of literature that has come down to us. It has been attributed—but not on sufficient authority—to the royal author of "The King's Quair." This composition scarcely contains a word that Burns, three hundred



years later, would have hesitated to employ. In like manner the poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," written nearly three hundred and twenty years ago, made use of the language of the peasantry to describe the assembly of the lasses and their wooers that came to the "dancing and de-ray," with their gloves of the "*raffele richt*" (right doeskin), their "shoon of the *straitis*" (coarse cloth), and their

"Kirtles of the *lincum* light,  
Weel pressed wi' mony plaitis,"

The author's description of "Gillie" is equal to anything in Allan Ramsay or Burns, and quite as intelligible to the Scottish peasantry of the present day:—

"Of all thir maidens mild as meid  
Was nane say gump as Gillie;  
As ony rose her rude was reid,  
Hir lire was like the lily.  
Bot zallow, zallow was hir heid,  
And sche of luif sae sillie,  
Thof a' hir kin suld hae bein deid,  
Sche wuld hae bot sweit Willie."

Captain Alexander Montgomery, who was attached to the service of the Regent Murray in 1577, and who enjoyed a pension from King James VI., wrote many poems in which the beauty, the strength, and the humour of the Scottish language were very abundantly displayed. The "Cherry and the Slae" is particularly rich in words that Allan Ramsay, Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and Christopher North have since rendered classical, and is, besides, a poem as excellent in thought and fancy as it is copious in diction. The description of the music of the birds on a May morning may be taken as a specimen:—

"The cushat croods, the corbie cries,  
The Coukoo couks, the prattling pies  
To keek hir they begin.  
The jargon o' the jangling jays,  
The craiking craws and keekling kayes,  
They deaved me with their din.

"The painted pawn with Argus e'es  
Can on his mayock call;  
The turtle wails on withered trees,  
And Echo answers all.  
Repeting, with greting,  
How fair Narcissus fell,  
By lying and spying  
His shadow in the well."

Time was within living memory when the Scotch of the upper classes prided themselves on their native Doric; when judges on the bench delivered their judgments in the broadest Scotch, and would have thought themselves guilty of puerile

and unworthy affectation if they had preferred English words or English accents to their own; when advocates pleaded in the same homely and plastic tongue; when ministers of religion found their best way to the hearts and to the understanding of their congregations in the use of the language most familiar to themselves, as well as to those whom they addressed; and when ladies of the highest rank — celebrated alike for their wit and their beauty — sang their tenderest, archest, and most affecting songs, and made their bravest thrusts and parries in the sparkling encounters of conversation, in the homely speech of their childhood. All this, however, is fast disappearing, and not only the wealthy and titled, who live much in London and in England, begin to grow ashamed of speaking the language of their ancestors, though the sound of the well-beloved accents in the mouths of others is not unwelcome or unmusical to their ears, but the middle-class Scotch are learning to follow their example. The members of the legal and medical profession are afraid of the accusation of vulgarity that might be launched against them if they spoke publicly in the picturesque language of their fathers and grandfathers; and even the clergy are unlearning in the pulpit the brave old speech that was good enough for John Knox (though he was the greatest Anglicizer of his day, and was publicly accused of that fault), and many thousands of pious preachers who, since his time, have worthily kept alive the faith of the Scottish people by appeals to their consciences in the language of their hearts. In ceasing to employ the "unadorned eloquence" of the sturdy vernacular, and using instead of it the language of books, and of the southern English, it is to be feared that too many of these superfine preachers have lost their former hold upon the mind, and that they have sensibly weakened the powers of persuasion and conviction which they possessed when their words were in sympathetic unison with the current of thought and feeling that flowed through the broad Scottish intellect and language of the peasantry. And where fashion leads, snobbism will certainly follow; so that it happens even in Scotland that young Scotsmen of the Dun-dreary class will sometimes boast of their inability to understand the poetry of Burns and the romance of Scott on account of the difficulties presented by the language! — as if their crass, besotted ignorance were a thing to be proud of!

But the old language, though of later

years it has become unfashionable in its native land, survives not alone on the tongue but in the heart of the "common" people, (and where is there such a common or uncommon people as the peasantry of Scotland?) and has established for itself a place in the affections of those ardent Scotsmen who travel to the New World and to the remotest part of the Old, with the *auri sacra fames* to lead them on to fortune, but who never permit that particular species of hunger — which is by no means peculiar to Scotsmen — to deaden their hearts to their native land, or to render them indifferent to their native speech, the merest word of which, when uttered unexpectedly under a foreign sky, stirs up all the latent patriotism in their minds, and opens their heart, and if need be their purse, to the utterer. It has also, by a kind of Nemesis or poetical justice, established for itself a hold and a footing even in that English language which affects to ignore it; and, thanks more especially to Burns and Scott, and to the admiration which their genius has excited in England and America, has engrafted many of its loveliest shoots upon the old tree of the Anglo-Saxon and English language. Every year the number of words that are taken like seeds or grafts from the Scottish conservatory, and planted into the fruitful English garden, is on the increase, as will be seen from the following anthology of specimens, which might have been made ten times as abundant if it had been possible to squeeze into a wine-glass a whole gallon of hippocrène. Many of these words are recognized English, permissible both in literature and conversation; many others are in progress and process of adoption and assimilation; and many more that are not English, and may never become so, are fully worthy of a place in the dictionary of a language that has room for every word, let it come whence it will, that expresses a new meaning, or a more delicate shade of an old meaning than the existing forms of expression admit. *Eerie*, and *gloaming*, and *cannie*, and *cantie*, and *cozie*, and *lift*, and *lilt*, and *caller*, and *gruesome*, and *thud*, are all of an ancient and a goodly pedigree, and were, the most of them, as English in the fifteenth century as they ought to be in the nineteenth. We arrange the specimens alphabetically for the convenience of reference, and if any Scotsman at home or abroad should, in going over the list, fail to discover some favourite word that was dear to him in childhood, and that stirs up the recollections of his native land, and of the days when he sat under the trysting-

tree to meet his bonnie lassie when the kye cam hame,—one word that recalls old times, old friends, and by-gone joys and sorrows,—let him reflect that in culling a posie from the garden, the posie must of necessity be small, and that the most copious of selectors must omit much that he would have been glad to twine into his garland.

*Airt*, a point of the compass, to direct or show the way:—

O' a' the *airts* the wind can blaw,  
I dearly lo'e the west,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lass that I lo'e best.

Burns.

But yon green graff (grave) now huskie green,  
Wad *airt* me to my treasure.

Burns.

*Anent*, concerning, relating to.—This word has not yet been admitted into the English dictionaries published at home. In Worcester's and Webster's Dictionaries, published in the United States, it is inserted as a Scotticism:—

The anxiety *anent* them was too intense to admit of the poor people remaining quietly at home.—*The Dream Numbers*, by T. A. Trollope.

*Auld Lang Syne*.—This phrase, so peculiarly tender and beautiful, and so wholly Scotch, has no exact synonym in any language, and is untranslatable except by a weak and lengthy periphrasis. The most recent English dictionaries, those of Worcester and Webster, have adopted it; and the expression is almost as common in England as in Scotland. Allan Ramsay included in "The Tea-Table Miscellany" a song entitled "Old long Syne," a very poor production; but it remained for Robert Burns to make "*Auld Lang Syne*" immortal, and fix it for ever in the language of Great Britain and America.

*Awmrie*, a chest, a cabinet, a secretaire — from the French *armoire*:—

Steek (close) the *awmrie*, lock the kist,  
Or else some gear will soon be missed.

Sir Walter Scott: *Donald Caird*.

*Belyve*, by-and-by, immediately.—This word occurs in Chaucer and in a great number of old English romances of the period immediately anterior:—

Hie we *belyve*,  
And look whether Ogie be alive.  
*Romance of Sir Otuel*.

*Belye* the elder bairns come drappin' in.  
Burns : *Cotter's Saturday Night*.

*Bicker*, a drinking-cup, a beaker, a step  
in the wrong direction : —

Fill high the foaming *bicker* !  
Body and soul are mine, quoth he,  
I'll have them both for liquor.  
*The Gin Fiend and his Three Houses*.

Setting my staff wi' a' my skill  
To keep me sicker.  
Though leeward, whyles, against my will,  
I took a *bicker*.  
Burns : *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

*Bien*, comfortable, plentiful; from the  
French *bien*, well : —

While frosty winds blaw in the drift  
Ben to the chimla lug,  
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,  
That live sae *bien* and sung.  
Burns : *Epistle to Davie*.

*Bird*, or *burd*, a term of endearment ap-  
plied to a young lady : —

And by my word, the bonnie *bird*  
In danger shall not tarry.  
Thomas Campbell.

*Birl*, to pour out liquor : —

There were three lords *birling* at the wine  
On the dowie dens o' Yarrow,  
They made a compact them between.  
*Motherwell's Ancient Minstrelsy*.

Oh, she has *birled* these merry young men  
With the ale, but and the wine.  
*Border Minstrelsy : Fause Foodrage*.

He had found the twa loons that did the deed,  
*birling* and drinking wine wi' him.  
Sir Walter Scott : *Rob Roy*.

*Blae*, of a livid, blue colour; sickly  
blue : —

The morning *blae* and wan.  
Douglas : *Translation of the Eneid*.

How dow you this *blae* eastlin' wind,  
That's like to blaw a body blind ?

Burns.

Be in dread, oh sirs! Some of you will stand  
with *blae* countenance before the tribunal of  
God.

Bruce : *The Soul's Confirmation*.

*Blaud*, to lay anything flat with violence,  
as the wind or a storm of rain does the  
corn : —

Curst common sense — that imp o' hell,

This day M'Kinlay takes the flail,  
And he's the boy will *blaud* her.

Burns : *The Ordination*.

Ochon! ochon! cries Haughton,  
That ever I was born,  
To see the Buckie burn rin bluid,  
And *blauding* a' the corn.  
*Aberdeenshire Ballad*.

*Blob*, a large round drop of water or  
other liquid. — A similar word, *bleb*, now  
obsolete, was once used in England to  
signify an air-bubble : —

We look on this troubled stream of the gen-  
erations of men to as little purpose almost as  
idle boys do on dancing *blebs* or bubbles on the  
water.

Sir Thomas More : *Consolations of the Soul*.

Her e'en the clearest *blob* o' dew outshining.  
Allan Ramsay.

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,  
Wet wi' the *blobs* o' dew.  
Allan Cunningham.

*Bonnie*, beautiful, good-natured, and  
cheerful; the three qualities in combina-  
tion. — This is an old-English word, used  
by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and still  
current in the northern English counties,  
as well as in Scotland. Johnson, notwith-  
standing its Scottish flavour, was gracious-  
ly pleased to admit it into his Dictionary.

*Bourd*, to jest, to play tricks with. In  
old English, *bord* : —

The wizard could no longer bear her *bord*,  
But bursting forth in laughter to her said.  
Spenser : *Faerie Queene*.

I'll tell the *bourd*, but nae the body.

They that *bourd* wi' cats may count upon scarts.  
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

*Brae*, the brow or side of a hill — from  
the Gaelic *bruaich* : —

We twa ha'e run about the *braes*  
And pu'd the gowans fine,  
But mony a weary foot we've trod  
Sin auld lang syne.

Burns.

*Brent*, high, steep : —

Her fair *brent* brow, smooth  
As the unwrinkled deep.  
Allan Ramsay.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was *brent*.  
Burns : *John Anderson, my jo*.

*Busk*, to adorn, to dress : —

A bonny bride is soon *buskit*.  
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

*Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow.  
Hamilton of Bangour.*

*Caller, fresh, cool.* — There is no exact English synonym for this word. "*Caller herrin*," "*Caller haddie*," and "*Caller ow*" are familiar cries to Edinburgh people: —

*Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,  
His breath's like caller air;  
His very foot has music in't  
When he comes up the stair.  
There's nae Luck about the House.*

*Cannie*, knowing, but gentle; in one's right mind; not to be easily deceived, yet not sly or cunning. — A very expressive word, often used by Englishmen to describe the Scotch. The word also means dexterous, clever, and sometimes fortunate. It is common in the north of England as well as in Scotland: —

*Bonny lass, canny lass, wilt thou be mine?  
The Cumberland Courtship.*

He mounted his mare, and he rode *cannilie*.  
*The Laird o' Cockpen.*

Hae naething to do wi' him, he's no *canny*.

They have need of a *canny* cook who have but one egg for dinner.

*Allan Ramsay's Proverbs.*

The "Cork Examiner" — and, of course, after it the Spiritualist organs — is delighted with the *uncanny* story.

*Pall Mall Gazette, June 1870.*

*Cantie*, joyous, merry, ready to sing from excess of good spirits: —

Contented wi' little, and *cantie* wi' mair.  
*Burns.*

Some *cannie* wee body may be my lot,  
An' I'll be *cantie* in thinking o't.  
*Newcastle Song: Brockett's North Country Glossary.*

The clachan yill had made me *cantie*.  
*Burns: Death and Dr. Hornbook.*

*Cosie, Cozie*, comfortable, snug, warm: —

While some are *cozie* in the neuk,  
And forming assignations  
To meet some day.  
*Burns: The Holy Fair.*

*Couthie*, well-known, familiar, handsome, and agreeable — in contradiction to the English word *uncouth*: —

My ain *couthie* dame,  
O my ain *couthie* dame;  
Wi' my bonnie bits o' bairns  
And my ain *couthie* dame.  
*Archibald M'Kay: Ingleside Lilts.*

*Crone*, an old woman, a witch. — Worcester, in his Dictionary, derives this word from the Scottish "croon" — "the hollow muttering sound with which old witches uttered their incantations." A possible derivation is from the old word *crine*, to shrink; of which the preterite was *crone*, shrunken. If this derivation were correct, *crone* would mean a shrunken, withered old woman.

*Croodle*, to coo like a dove: "a wee *croodlin'* doo," a term of endearment to an infant: —

Far ben thy dark green plantin shade  
The cushet (wood-pigeon) *croodles* amorously.  
*Tannahill.*

A wee thing, mine ain thing,  
A pledge o' love most true,  
A bonnie, bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,  
Wee *croodlin'* doo.

*Mackay's Songs.*

*Croon*, to hum over a tune, to prelude on an instrument: —

The sisters grey, before the day,  
Did *croon* within their cloister.  
*Allan Ramsay.*

Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,  
Whiles *crooning* o'er some auld Scots sonnet.  
*Burns: Tam o' Shanier.*

Plaintive tunes,  
Such as corpse-watching beldam *croons*.  
*Studies from the Antique.*

*Darg*, or *dauk*, a day's work: —

You will spoil the *darg* if you stop the plough to kill a mouse. — *Northumbrian Proverbs.*

He never did a good *darg* that gaed grumbling about it. — *Allan Ramsay's Scots Proverbs.*

Monie a sair *dauk* we hae wrought.  
*Burns: To his auld Mare Maggie.*

The good man fallen asleep after the day's *darg*. — *Times' Notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition, March 18, 1870.*

*Ding*, to beat, or beat out. A remnant of this word survives in the English "*din*" — a noise produced by beating; and in the phrase "*ding, dong, bell*:" —

If ye've the deil in ye, *ding* him out wi' his brither. Ae deil *dings* anither. — *Scots Proverbs.*

It's a sair *dung* (beaten) bairn that manna greet. — *Allan Ramsay.*

*Dinsome*, noisy, full of *din*: —

Till block or studdie (stithy or anvil) ring and reel

Wi' *dinsome* clamour.  
Burns : *Scotch Drink*.

*Dirl*, a quivering blow on a hard substance :—

I threw a noble throw at ane,

It just played *dirl* upon the bane,  
But did nae mair.

Burns : *Death and Hornbook*.

*Dool*, pain, grief, dolefulness :—

Of a' the numerous human *dools*  
Thou bear'st the gree.

Burns : *Address to the Toothache*.

Though dark and swift the waters pour,  
Yet here I wait in *dool* and sorrow,  
For bitter fate must I endure  
Unless I pass the stream ere morrow.

*Legends of the Isles*.

*Douce*, of a gentle or courteous disposition; from the French *dour*, sweet :—

Ye daintie deacons and ye *douce* conveners.  
Burns : *Brigs of Ayr*.

*Dour*, hard, bitter, disagreeable, close-fisted, severe, stern :—

When biting Boreas fell and *dour*,  
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower.

Burns : *A Winter Night*.

*Dowie*, gloomy, melancholy, forlorn, low-spirited :—

It's no the loss o' warl's gear  
That could sae bitter draw the tear,  
Or mak our bardie, *dowie*, wear  
The mourning weed.

Burns : *Poor Mailie's Elegy*.

Come listen, cronies, ane and a'  
While on my *dowie* reed I blaw,  
And mourn the sad untimely fa'  
O' our auld town.

James Ballantine.

*Dree*, to endure, to suffer :—

Still for his sake I'm slighted sair,  
And *dree* the country clatter (talk).

Burns : *Here's his Health in Water*.

He *drees* the doom he ettled for me.

Scott : *Rob Roy*.

*Drumly*, turbid or muddy (applied to water), confused, not clear.—This beautiful word would be a great acquisition to the English language. All its English synonyms are greatly inferior, both in logical and poetical expression. The word appears at one time to have been good

English, though not to be found in the poets, as appears from the following passage in a French and English grammar of the year 1623 :—

Draw me some water out of this spring.

Madam, it is all foul, *drumly*, black, muddy!

Oh, boatman, haste! put off your boat,

Put off your boat for golden monie;

I'll cross the *drumly* stream to-night,

Or never mair I'll see my Annie.

*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

When blue diseases fill the *drumly* air.

Allan Ramsay.

They hadna sailed a league, a league,

A league but barely three,

When dismal grew his countenance,

And *drumly* grew his e'e.

Laidlaw : *The Demon Lover*.

I heard once a lady in Edinburgh objecting to a preacher that she did not understand him. Another lady, his great admirer, insinuated that probably he was too deep for her to follow. But her ready answer was, "Na, na!—he's no just deep, but he's *drumly*."—Allan Ramsay.

*Eerie*, gloomy, wearisome, full of fear :—

In mirkest glen at midnight hour

I'd rove and ne'er be *erie*, O;

If through that glen I gaed to thee,

My ain kind dearie, O.

Burns.

It was an *erie* walk at that still hour of the night.—*The Dream Numbers*, by T. A. Trollope.

*Eyrie*, an eagle's nest, — from the Gaelic *eirigh*, to rise :—

The eagle and the stork

On cliffs and cedar-tops their *eyries* build.

Milton.

'Tis the fire-shower of ruin all dreadfully driven  
From his *eyrie* that beacons the darkness of  
heaven.

Campbell : *Lochiel's Warning*.

*Ferlie*, a wonder; to wonder; wonderful :—

Who hearkened ever slike a *ferly* thing.

Chaucer : *The Reeve's Tale*.

On Malvern hills

Me befel a *ferly*.

*Piers Ploughman*.

The longer we live the more *ferlies* we see.—  
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

*Fey*, fated, bewitched, unlucky, doomed :

Let the fate fall upon the *feyest*.

Take care of the man that God has marked,  
for he's no *fey*.—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.



We'll turn again, said good Lord John;  
But no, said Rothiemay;  
My steed's trepanned, my bridle's broke,  
I fear this day I'm fey.  
*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

*Forgather, to meet:—*

Twa dogs  
*Forgathered* ance upon a time.  
Burns: *The Two Dogs.*

*Gale*, to sing; whence the English  
"nightingale," the bird that sings in the  
night:—

In May begins the gowk to *gale*.  
Allan Ramsay: *The Evergreen.*

*Glamour*, enchantment, witchcraft, fasci-  
nation:—

And one short spell therein he read,  
It had much of *glamour* might,  
Could make a lady seem a knight,  
The cobweb on a dungeon wall,  
Seem tapestry in lordly hall.  
Scott: *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Soon as they saw her weel-fair'd face,  
They cast their *glamour* o'er her.  
*Johnny Faa, the Gipsy Laddie.*

Ye gipsy-gang that deal in *glamour*,  
And you, deep read in hell's black grammar,  
Warlocks and witches.  
Burns: *On Captain Grose.*

*Gloaming*, the twilight:—

When ance life's day draws near its *gloaming*.  
Burns: To James Smith.

"Twixt the *gloaming* and the mirk, when the  
kye come hame.  
The Ettrick Shepherd.

*Gowan*, a daisy:—

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,  
Where the blue bell and *gowan* lurk lowly un-  
seen.

Burns.

The night was fair, the moon was up,  
The wind blew low among the *gowans*.  
Mackay: *Legends of the Isles.*

*Graith*, appurtenance:—

And ploughmen gather wi' their *grraith*.  
Burns: *Scotch Drink.*

*Gramarye*, magic:—

Whate'er he did of *gramarye*,  
Was always done maliciously.  
Scott: *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

The wild yell and visage strange,  
And the dark woods of *gramarye*.  
*Idem.*

*Grew*, or *grue*, to fear greatly:—

I never see them but they gar me *grew*;—it's  
no for fear—no for fear—but just for grief.—  
Scott: *Rob Roy.*

*Gruesome*, highly ill-favoured, disagree-  
able, horrible, cruel:—

Ae day, as Death, that *gruesome* carl,  
Was driving to the ither warl (world).  
Burns: *Verses to J. Rankine.*

*Gurl*, to growl; *gurlly*, boisterous, stormy,  
savage, growly:—

The lift grew dark and the wind blew sair,  
And *gurlly* grew the sea.  
*Sir Patrick Spens.*

Waesome wailed the snow-white sprites,  
Upon the *gurlly* sea.  
Laidlaw: *The Demon Lover.*

There's a strong *gurlly* blast blowing snell frae  
the south.

James Ballantine: *The Spunk-Splitters.*

*Hodden grey*.—In the glossary to the  
first edition of Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table  
Miscellany," 1724, "*hodden*" is described  
as a coarse cloth. *Hodden grey* is, there-  
fore, coarse grey cloth. It was usually  
home made by the Scottish peasantry of  
the Lowlands, and formed the material of  
their working-day clothes:—

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear *hodden grey*, and a' that;  
Gi'e fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that.

Burns.

If a man did his best to murder me, I should  
not rest comfortably until I knew that he was  
safe in a well-ventilated cell, with the *hodden*  
*grey* garments of the gaol upon him.—*Trial*  
of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, "Daily Tele-  
graph," March 26, 1870.

*Hooly*, softly, honestly:—

*Hooly* and fair gangs far in a day.  
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs.*

Oh, that my wife would drink *hooly* and fairly.  
Burns.

*Ilk*, each, "ilk ane," each one: or *ilk*  
that same; used for the designation of a  
person whose patronymic is the same as  
the name of his estate—such as Forbes  
of Forbes—i. e., Forbes of that *Ilk*. This  
Scottish word has crept into English,  
though with a strange perversion of its  
meaning, as in the following:—

We know, however, that many barbarians of  
their *ilk*, and even of later times, destroyed  
knowingly many a gold and silver vessel that  
fell into their hands.—*Pall Mall Gazette*,  
January 24, 1869.

Matilda lived in St. John's Villas, Twickenham; Mr. Passmore in King Street of the same ilk:— *Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 8, 1870.

*Ingle*, the fireside; *ingle-nook*, the chimney-corner.

His wee bit *ingle* blinkin' bonnie.  
Burns.

*Jow*, the clang or boom of a large bell:—

Now Clinkumbells  
Began to *jow*.  
Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

And every *jow* the kirk bell gied.  
Buchan.

*Kain*, from the Gaelic *cain*, tribute, tax, tithe, payment in kind:—

Our laird gets in his racked rents,  
His coal, his *kain*.  
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

*Kain* to the king!  
*Jacobite Song*. (1715).

*Keek*, to peep, to pry, to look cautiously about:—

The robin came to the wren's nest  
And *keekit* in.  
*English Nursery Rhyme*.

Stars dinna *keek* in,  
And see me wi' Mary.  
Burns.

When the tod (*fox*) is in the wood, he cares na how many folk *keek* at his tail.—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

A clergyman in the west of Scotland once concluded a prayer as follows:—"O Lord! Thou art like a mouse in a drystance dyke, aye *keekin'* out at us frae holes and crannies, but we canna see Thee."—Rodgers's *Illustrations of Scottish Life*.

*Kelpie*:—

He shall stable his steed in the *kelpie's* flow,  
And his name shall be lost for evermo.  
Scott: *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

What is it ails my good bay mare?  
What is it makes her start and shiver?  
She sees a *kelpie* in the stream,  
Or fears the rushing of the river.  
Mackay: *Legends of the Isles*.

*Kep*, to catch, to receive:—

Ilk cowslip cup shall *kep* a tear.  
Burns.

Ilka blade o' grass *keps* its ain drap o' dew.  
—James Ballantine.

*Kevil*, a lot; to cast *kevils*, to draw lots;

from the Gaelic *gabhail*, pronounced *gaval*, a portion of land done by cattle in ploughing:—

Let every man be content with his ain *kevil*.  
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

And they coost *kevils* them among  
Wha should to the greenwood gang.  
Cospatrik: *Border Minstrelsy*.

*Knowe*, a knoll, a hillock:—

Ca' the yowes (ewes) to the *knowes*.  
Allan Ramsay.

Upon a *knowe* they sat them down,  
And there began a long digression  
About the lords of the creation.  
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

*Lane*, the condition of being alone:—

I wander my *lane* like a night-troubled  
ghaist.—Burns.

*Lave*, the residue, the remainder, that which is left, or, as the Americans say in commercial fashion, the "balance":

I'll get a blessing wi' the *lave*  
And never miss't.  
Burns: *To a Mouse*.

First when Maggie was my care,

Whistle o'er the *lave* o't.  
Burns.

*Laverock*, the lark.—This word, so pleasant to the Scottish ear, and so entirely obsolete in English, was used by Chaucer and Gower:—

She made many a wondrous soun'  
Sometimes like unto the cock,  
Sometimes unto the *laverock*.

Gower: quoted in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*.

Why should I sit and sigh,  
When the wild woods bloom sae briery,  
The *laverocks* sing, the flowerets spring,  
And a' but me are cheery.  
Buchan's *Songs of the North of Scotland*.

*Leal*, loyal, true, true-hearted; "the land o' the leal," i.e. heaven:

A *leal* heart never lied.  
*Scotch Proverb*.

I'm wearing awa', Jean,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,  
I'm wearing awa'  
To the land o' the *leal*.

Lady Nairne.

*Lift*, the sky—that which is lifted up above the earth; whence, by a similarity of origin, *heaven*—that which is heaved, or hoven up:—

When lightnings fire the stormy *lift*.  
Burns : *Epistle to Robert Graham*.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin' in the *lift* sae hie;  
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,  
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!  
Burns.

*Lin* or *lins*. This termination to many Scottish words supplies a shade of meaning not to be expressed in English but by a periphrasis; as *westlins*, including towards the west. *Aiblins*, perhaps; from able-lins — inclining towards able, or about to become possible. *Backlins*, inclining towards a retrograde movement : —

The *westlin* wind blows loud and shrill.  
Burns.

Now frae the east neuk o' Fife the dawn  
Speel'd *westlins* up the lift.  
Allan Ramsay : *Christ's Kirk on the Green*.

*Lintie*, a linnet : —

Dr. Norman Macleod mentioned a conversation he had with a Scottish emigrant in Canada, who in general terms spoke favourably of his position in his adopted country. "But oh ! sir," he said, "there are no *linties* in the woods." — Dean Ramsay.

The word *lintie* conveys to my mind more of tenderness and endearment towards the little bird than linnet. — *Idem*.

*Lowe*, to burn, to blaze, to flame : —

A vast, unbottomed, boundless pit,  
Filled fou o' *lowin'* brimstane (brimstone).  
Burns : *The Holy Fair*.

*Lyart*, grey, — from the Gaelic *liath* : —

His *lyart* haffets (locks of thin grey hair).  
Burns : *Cottar's Saturday Night*.

Twa had mantels o' doleful black,  
But ane in *lyart* hung.  
Burns : *The Holy Fair*.

*Malison*, a curse. — The twin-word *benison*, a blessing, has been admitted into the English dictionaries, but *malison* is still excluded, although it was a recognized English word in the time of *Piers Ploughman* and Chaucer : —

Thus they serve Sathanas,  
Marchands of *malisons*.  
*Piers Ploughman*.

I've won my mother's *malison*.  
Coming this night to thee.  
*Border Minstrelsy*.

*Marrow*, one of a pair, a mate, a com-

panion, an equal, a sweetheart. — This word is beautifully applied to a lover or wedded partner, as one whose mind is the exact counterpart of that of the object of his affection. It appears in early English literature, but now survives only in the poetry and daily speech of the Scottish people : —

One glove or shoe is *marrow* to another.  
— *Landsdowne MS.* : quoted in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*.

And when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my winsome *marrow*,  
Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
And see the braes o' Yarrow.  
Wordsworth : *Yarrow Unvisited*.

Thou took our sister to be thy wife,  
But ne'er thought her thy *marrow*.  
*The Dowie Dens of Yarrow*.

Mons Meg and her *marrow* three volleys let  
flie,  
For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.  
Sir Walter Scott.

Meddle with your *marrow* (i.e., with your equal). *Scottish Proverb*.

"Your e'en are no *marrows* (i.e., you squint). Allan Ramsay.

*Mavis*, the singing thrush. — Spenser in the following passage from his "Epithalamium," seems to have considered the *mavis* and the thrush to be different birds : —

The thrush replies ; the *mavis* descendant  
plays."

In Scottish poetry the word is of constant occurrence.

An eccentric divine discoursing on a class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration : "Ma freens, it is as impossible for a *moderate* to enter into the kingdom of heaven, as for a soe (sow) to sit on the tap o' a thistle and sing like a *mavis*." *Illustrations of Scottish Life*.

*Mirk*, dark : —

A man's mind is a *mirk* mirror.  
Allan Ramsay's *Scotch Proverbs*.

'Twixt the gloaming and the *mirk*, when  
the kye come hame.  
The Ettrick Shepherd.

*Mools*, from mould — earth, the grave :  
And Jeanie died. She had not lain i' the  
*mools*  
Three days ere Donald laid aside his tools  
And closed his forge, and took his passage  
home.  
. . . . .

But long ere forty days had run their round,  
Donald was back upon Canadian ground—  
With earth and gowans for his true-love's grave.  
Donald Macleod: *All the year Round.*

*Raid*, a warlike invasion on horseback into an enemy's territory; from *ride*. This word has only lately been admitted into the English dictionaries; but has long been common both in books and conversation.

*Raz*, to reach, to stretch; *raught*, reached:—

Never *raz* aboon your reach.  
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

And ye may *raz* Corruption's neck,  
And gi'e her for dissection.  
Burns: *A Dream*.

*Rigwoodie*, old, lean, withered:—

Withered bel dams, auld and droll,  
*Rigwoodie* hags.  
Burns: *Tam o' Shanter*.

*Roose*—old English *rouse*—to praise, to drink a toast or a health:—

*Roose* the fair day at e'en.  
*Scots Proverb*.

*Rowan*, the mountain ash.—This tree, or a twig of it, was supposed, in the superstition of Scotland, to be a charm against witchcraft. Hence the phrase, "Aroint thee, witch," in Shakespeare (who never corrected his proof-sheets), is supposed to be a misprint for "a *rowan-tree* witch." The word occurs in no author previous to Shakespeare. There is an old Scottish couplet which lends countenance to this supposition:—

*Rowan tree* and red thread  
Mak' the witches tye their speed.

Where Nith runs *Rowin'* to the sea.  
Burns: *Song*.

*Rowe*, to roll or purrl like a stream, to wrap up in cloth or flannel:—

Hap and *rowe*, hap and *rowe*,  
Hap and *rowe* the feetie o't.  
Burns: *Song*.

*Rowth*, plenty, abundance:—  
A *routh* o' rhyme to rave at will.  
Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

He had a *routh* o' auld knick-knackets.  
Burns: *Captain Grose*.

*Scouth*, room, elbow-room, space:—  
An he get *scouth* to wield his tree,  
I fear you'll both be paid.  
*Ballad of Robin Hood*.

By break of day he seeks the dowie glen,  
That he may *scouth* to a' his morning len.  
Allan Ramsay *Pastoral on the death of Matthew Prior*.

*Scrog*, a stunted bush, furze; *scroggy*, abounding in underwood, covered with stunted bushes or furze like the Scottish mountains:—

The way towards the cité was stony, thorny, and *scroggy*.—*Gesta Romanorum*.

Sir Walter Scott, when in his last illness in Italy, was taken to a wild scene on the mountains that border the Lago di Garda. He had long been apathetic, and almost insensible to surrounding objects; but his fading eyes flashed with unwonted fire at the sight of the furze-bushes and scrogs, that reminded him of home and Scotland, and he suddenly exclaimed, in the words of the Jacobite ballad—

Up the *scroggy* mountain,  
And down the *scroggy* glen,  
We darena gang a-hunting,  
For Charlie and his men.

*Shaw*, a small wood, a thicket, a plantation of trees. This word was once common in English literature. It still subsists in the patronymics of many families, as *Shawe*, *Aldershaw*, *Hinshaw*, *Hackshaw*, *Hackshaw* (or *Oakshaw*), and others, and is used by the peasantry in most parts of England, and every part of Scotland:—

Whither ridest thou under this green *shawe*?  
Said this yeman.

Chaucer: *The Frere's Tale*.

In summer when the *shaws* be shene,  
And leaves be fair and long,  
It is full merry in fair forest,  
To hear the sweet birds' song.  
*Ballad of Robin Hood*.

*Sib*, related; of kin by blood or marriage:—

He was *sibbe* to Arthur of Bretagne.  
Chaucer.  
He was no fairy born or *sib* to elves.  
Spenser.

A boaster and a liar are right *sib*.  
A' Stewarts are no *sib* to the king.  
It's good to be *sib* to siller.

Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.  
We're no more *sib* than sieve and riddle,  
Though both grew in the woods together.  
*Cheshire Proverb*.

*Skaith*, danger, mischief, harm:

I rede ye weel, take care o' *skaith*.  
Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

*Slogan*, the war-cry of a clan:—

When the streets of high Dunedin,  
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,  
And heard the *slogan's* deadly yell.

Scott: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

*Snell*, sharp, biting, keen, lively.—Johnson, in his Dictionary, says this is an obsolete word in England, though it is commonly used to the north of the Humber.

(Sir Madoe) was a handy man, and *snell*  
In tournament, and eke in fight.

*Morte Arthur*.

Shivering from cold, the season was so *snell*.  
Douglas: *Eneid*.

The winds blew *snell*.

Allan Ramsay.

And bleak December's winds ensuin',  
Baith *snell* and keen.  
Burns: *To a Mouse*.

*Snool*, to flatter abjectly, to cringe, to crawl:—

Is there a whim-inspired fool,  
Ow're blate to seek, ow're proud to *snool*.  
Burns: *A Bard's Epitaph*.

*Snurl*, to ruffle the surface of the waters with a wind; metaphorically applied to the temper of man or woman:—

Northern blasts the ocean *snurl*.

Allan Ramsay.

*Sonsie*, from the Gaelic *sonas*, good fortune good-humoured, comely, likely to be fortunate:—

His honest *sonsie* face,  
Got him good friends in ilka place.  
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

He's tall and *sonsie*, frank and free,  
He's lo'ed by a', and dear to me;  
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,  
Because my Robin lo'es me.  
Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, vol. ii.

*Sugh*, or *sough*, a sigh; more particularly the mournful sigh or sound of the wind among the trees or tall sedge-grass or rushes. This beautiful and expressive word is evidently from the same root as the Greek *Psyche*, the soul; though Richardson in his Dictionary derives it from "suck"—the sucking or drawing in of the breath, previous to the emission. Burns uses both *sugh* and *sough*:—

When, lo! on either hand . . . .  
The clanging *sugh* of whistling wings is heard.  
*The Brigs of Ayr*.

November chill blows loud wi' angry *sough*.  
Cottar's *Saturday Night*.

The wavy swell of the *soughing* reeds.  
Tennyson: *The Dying Swan*.

A minister in his Sabbath services expressed the wishes of his congregation in prayer as follows:—"O Lord, we pray Thee to send us wind: no a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind; but a noughin', *soughin'*, winnin', wind."—Dean Ramsay.

*Spate*, a flood or freshet, from the overflow of a river or lake; also metaphorically an overflow of idle talk:—

The water was great and mickle of *spate*.—*Kinmont Willie*.

Even like a mighty river that runs down in *spate* to the sea.—W. E. Aytoun: *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The Laird of Balmamon was a truly eccentric character. He joined with his drinking propensities a great zeal for the Episcopal Church. One Sunday, having visitors, he read the services and prayers with great solemnity and earnestness. After dinner, he, with the true Scotch hospitality of the time, set to, to make his guests as drunk as possible. Next day, when they took their departure, one of the visitors asked another what he thought of the laird. "Why, really," he replied, "sic a *spate* o' praying, and sic a *spate* o' drinking, I never knew in all the course of my life."—Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

*Stance*, situation, standing-place or foundation:—

No! sooner may the Saxon lance  
Unfix Benledi from his *stance*.  
Scott: *Lady of the Lake*.

He never advanced  
From the place he was *stanced*  
Till was no more to do there at a', man.  
*Battle of Sheriff Muir*.

We would recommend any Yankee believer in England's decay to take his *stance* in Fleet Street or any of our great thoroughfares, and ask himself whether it would be wise to meddle with any member of that busy and strenuous crowd.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1869.

*Sturt*, trouble, sorrow, vexation, strife; to vex, disturb, annoy:—

And aye the less they hae to *sturt* 'em,  
In less proportion less will hurt 'em.  
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

I've lived a life of *sturt* and strife.  
*Macpherson's Farewell*.

*Swirl*, to turn rapidly, to eddy, to curl:—



His tail  
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a *swirl*.  
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

The mill-wheel spun and *swirl'd*,  
And the mill-stream danced in the morning  
light,  
And all its eddies curl'd.  
Mackay: *The Lump of Gold*.

*Theek*, to thatch:—

Oh, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
They were twa bonnie lassies,  
They biggit a bower by yon burn brae,  
And *theekit* it o'er wi' rashes.

*Old Ballad*.

*Thirl*, to strike a string of an instru-  
ment so as to make it tremble and  
quiver:—

There was ae sang  
That some kind husband had addressed  
To some sweet wife,  
It *thirl'd* the heart-strings through the breast,  
A' to the life.  
Burns: *Epistle to Lapraik*.

*Thole*, to endure, to suffer.—This word  
was once common all over England, and  
occurs in Chaucer, Gower, and *Piers*  
*Ploughman*:—

All that Christ *tholed*.  
*Piers Ploughman*.

So muckle wo as I with you have *tholed*.  
Chaucer.

He who *tholes* conquers.  
He that has a good crop ought to *thole* a few  
thistles.

Better *thole* a grumph than a sumph. (i.e.,  
better endure an uncourteous man than a block-  
head.)

Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

*Thrave*, a bunch, a lot, a company, an  
assembly.—“A thrave of corn,” says  
Blount's *Glossographia*, 1681, “is two  
stooks of six, or rather twelve sheaves  
apiece. The word comes from the British  
*threva*, twenty-four. In most counties of  
England twenty-four sheaves do now go  
to a *thrave*. Twelve sheaves make a stook,  
and two stooks make a *thrave*,”—

And after cometh a knave,  
The worst of the *thrave*.

*Landsdowne MS.*: quoted in Halliwell's  
*Archaic Dictionary*.

He sends forth *thraves* of ballads.  
Bishop Hall.

A daimen icker in a *thrave*  
‘S a sma’ request;  
I’ll get a blessing wi’ the lave,  
And never miss’t.

Burns: *To a Mouse*.

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*Thud*, a dull heavy blow.—No English  
dictionary, from Johnson to Worcester,  
contains this expressive word:—

The fearful *thuds* of the tempestuous tide.  
Gavin Douglas: *Translation of the Eneid*.

The air grew rough with boisterous *thuds*.  
Allan Ramsay: *The Vision*.

*Tine*, to lose; *tint*, lost:—

What was *tint* through tree,  
Tree shall it win.

*Piers Ploughman*.

He never *tint* a cow that *grat* for a needle.  
Where there is nothing, the king *tines* his  
right.

All's not *tint* that's in danger.

Better spoil your joke than *tine* your friend.

*Tine* heart—all's gone.  
Allan Ramsay's *Scotch Proverbs*.

Next my heart I'll wear her  
For fear my jewel *tine*. Burns.

*Tirl*, to strive to turn the knob, the pin,  
or other fastening of a door.—This word  
is of constant occurrence in the ballad-  
poetry of Scotland:—

Oh, he's gone round and round about,  
And *tirled* at the pin.  
*Willie and May Margaret*.

*Tirl*, to spin round as in a whirlwind,  
to unroof with a high wind:—

Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flying,  
*Tirling* the kirk.  
Burns: *Address to the Deil*.

*Tron*.—There is a *Tron* Church in  
Edinburgh and another in Glasgow; but  
the Scottish glossaries and Jamieson's  
Scottish Dictionary make no mention of  
the word. It would appear from a pas-  
sage in Hone's “Every-day Book” that  
“*Tron*” signified a public weighing-ma-  
chine or scale in a market-place, where  
purchasers of commodities might without  
fee satisfy themselves that the weight of  
the purchase was correct according to the  
charge. Hence a “*Tron Church*” was a  
church in the market-place near which the  
public weighing-machine was established.

*Tryste*, an appointed place of meet-  
ing, a rendezvous.—This word occurs in  
Chaucer, and several old English MSS. of  
his period, but is not used by later  
writers. “To bide *tryste*,” to be true  
to time and place of meeting:—

“You walk late, sir,” said I. “I bide  
*tryste*,” was the reply; “and so I think do

you, Mr. Osbaldistone."—Walter Scott: *Rob Roy*.

The tenderest-hearted maid  
That ever bided *tryste* at village stile.  
Tennyson.

By the Nine Gods he swore it,  
And named the *trysting* day.  
Lord Macaulay.

No maidens with blue eyes  
Dream of the *trysting* hour  
Or bridal's happier time.  
Mackay: *Under Green Leaves*.

When I came to Ardour I wrote to Lochiel  
to *tryste* me where to meet him. *Letter from  
Rob Roy to General Gordon: Hogg's Jacobite  
Relics*.

Twine, to rob, to deprive:—

Brandy . . .  
Twines many a poor, doyt, drucken hash  
Of half his days.  
Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

*Tyke*, a mongrel, a stray dog, a rough  
dog:—

Base *tyke*, call'st thou me lost?  
Shakespeare: *Henry V*.

Nae tawted (uncombed) *tyke*.  
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

He was a gash and faithful *tyke*.  
*Idem*.

I'm as tired of it as a *tyke* of lang kail.  
You have lost your own stomach and found a  
*tyke's*.

Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

*Wanchancie*, unlucky:—

Wae worth the man wha first did shape  
That vile *wanchancie* thing—a rape.  
Burns: *Poor Mailie's Elegy*.

*Wanrestful*, restless, unruly, uneasy:—

An may we never learn the gaets  
Of ither vile *wanrestful* pets.  
Burns: *Poor Mailie*.

*Wean*, a little child; a *weanie*, a very  
little child—from "wee ane," little one.

*Wee*, little, diminutive, very little.—  
This word, apparently from the Saxon  
*wenig*, small, occurs in Shakespeare, and is  
common in colloquial and familiar English,  
though not in literary composition. It is  
sometimes used as an intensification of  
littleness, as "a little *wee* child," "a little  
*wee* bit":—

A *wee* house well filled,  
A *wee* farm well tilled,  
A *wee* wife well will'd,  
Mak' a happy man.

A *wee* mouse can creep under a great hay-  
stack.—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

*Weird*, or *wierd*.—Most English dic-  
tionaries misdefine this word, which has  
two different significations; one as a noun,  
the other as an adjective. In English lit-  
erature, from Shakespeare's time down-  
wards, it exists as an adjective only, and  
is held to mean unearthly, ghastly, or  
witchlike. Before Shakespeare's time, and  
in Scottish poetry and parlance to the  
present day, the word is a noun, and sig-  
nifies "fate" or "destiny"—derived from  
the Teutonic *werden*, to become, or that  
which *shall* be. Chaucer, in "*Troilus and  
Cressida*," has the line—

O Fortune! executrice of *wierdes*!

and Gower, in a manuscript in the posses-  
sion of the Society of Antiquaries, says,—

It were a wondrous *wierde*,  
To see a king become a herde.

In this sense the word continues to be  
used in Scotland:—

A man may woo where he will, but he maun  
wed where his *wierd* is.

She is a wise wife that kens her ain *wierd*.  
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

The *wierd* her dearest bairn befel  
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.  
Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border*.

Shakespeare seems to have been the first  
to employ the word as an adjective, and  
to have given it the meaning of unearthly,  
though pertaining to the ideas of the  
Fates:—

The *wierd* sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land.

*Macbeth*.

Thane of Cawdor! by which title these *wierd*  
sisters saluted me.—*Idem*.

When we sat by her flickering fire at night  
she was most *wierd*.—Charles Dickens: *Great  
Expectations*.

No spot more fit than *wierd*, lawless Win-  
chelsea, for a plot such as he had conceived.  
—*All the Year Round*, April 2, 1870.

Jasper surveyed his companion as though he  
were getting imbued with a romantic interest in  
his *wierd* life.—Charles Dickens: *The Mystery  
of Edwin Drood*.

She turned to make her way from the *wierd*  
spot as fast as her feeble limbs would let (per-  
mit) her.—*The Dream Numbers*, by T. A.  
Trollope, ii. 271.

*Wimpe*, to flow gently like a brook, to  
meander, to purl:—

Among the bonny winding banks,  
Where Doon rins, *wimplin'*, clear.  
Burns: *Halloween*.

*Wrath*, an apparition in his own likeness that becomes visible to a person about to die, a water-spirit:—

He held him for some fleeting *wraith*,  
And not a man of blood or breath.  
Sir Walter Scott.

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The *water-wraith* was shrieking,

And in the sowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.  
Thomas Campbell.

*Wyle*, to blame, reproach.

Alas! that every man has reason  
To *wyle* his countrymen wi' treason!  
Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

*Youthy*, having the false and affected appearance of youthfulness; applied to an old person of either sex who dresses in the style, or talks and otherwise behaves as if they were still young.

PERHAPS the most vast discomfort, not to say misery, endured in this world, consists in enforced companionship. Millions of people will rise to-morrow morning who will have to pass the day with companions who are profoundly uncongenial to them. And the worst of it is that uncongeniality is a thing which goes on deepening and widening.

Is there any remedy to be found for this evil? I think possibly there may be. I think that a person may by thought encourage and develop congeniality. A third part, at least, of uncongeniality depends upon misunderstanding; and that misunderstanding depends upon an insufficiency of imagination which prevents your looking at other people from the point of view from which they look at themselves. That this theory is not far wrong seems to me clear from the fact that great men endowed with high powers of imagination, and large affectionate sympathies, suffer so much less from the real or supposed uncongeniality of those who surround them than other and commoner people do. It is the narrow minded, fastidious person who suffers most from uncongeniality. A Mirabeau, an Alcibiades, a Bacon, a Shakespeare finds something congenial to him in all those with whom he associates. It is the peculiar property of genius to evolve congeniality in all those with whom it comes in contact. Genius discovers what is the prime moving power, the *causa causans*, as the metaphysicians would say, in each individual character. It touches that source of affection and sympathy with the magic wand of affectionate imagination; and from the most unpromising rock there comes forth an outburst of congeniality which cannot in its full flow be educed by meaner and less potent hands. But all persons might do something in this direction; and, depend upon it, when you find persons difficult to live with, and thoroughly uncongenial to you, it is that you have failed to discover and to appeal to those primeval and better elements of their characters, which would yield pleasant fruits to an intelligent cultivation of congeniality on your part.

Arthur Helps.

At first it surprises one that love should be made the principal staple of all the best kinds of fiction; and perhaps it is to be regretted that it is only one kind of love that is chiefly depicted in works of fiction. But that love itself is the most remarkable thing in human life there cannot be the slightest doubt. For, see what it will conquer! It is not only that it prevails over selfishness; but it has the victory over weariness, tiresomeness, and familiarity. When you are with the person loved, you have no sense of being bored. This humble and trivial circumstance is the great test, the only sure and abiding test, of love. With the persons you do not love, you are never supremely at your ease. You have some of the sensation of walking upon stilts. In conversation with them, however much you admire them and are interested in them, the horrid idea will cross your mind of "What shall I say next?" Converse with them is not perfect association. But with those you love the satisfaction in their presence is not unlike that of the relation of the heavenly bodies to one another, which, in their silent revolutions, lose none of their attractive power. The sun does not talk to the world; but it attracts it.

Arthur Helps.

It is not so sad a thing, after all, to contemplate ruins as it is to contemplate new work very badly done. What ruins can make one feel so melancholy as seeing long "unlovely," newly-built, gardenless streets of ill-arranged houses, rising up and deforming the suburbs of great towns? In looking at new buildings of this kind, the sense comes over one of a decadence, rather than an increase, of power in mankind. And this is very disheartening. Besides, one foresees that in a few years, these buildings will have a squalidity wholly unrelieved by the softening and beautifying effects of age. They will still be new, and yet will be decayed.

Arthur Helps.

From The Spectator.  
THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROFANE  
SWEARING.

WAR is so fruitful of imprecation, that a profound inquiry might be made respecting the question, which of the two combatants in the present war has sworn the more profusely, vigorously, with the greater originality and the chief effect? Thinkers, as Mr. Mill would say, have not done justice to the great subject of Profane Swearing. They have come to the discussion in what the Comtists would call a theological spirit, by acting on the dictate of the irrelevant plea, that because swearing is wicked, the instinctive grasp of oaths, the passion for fitting them into the crevices of common speech, and the inability of any race to walk without the crutches of imprecation, lie, therefore, beneath the dignity of philosophic research. Yet, in reality, few subjects will more richly reward, as thinkers would say, the labours of deductive and inductive study. Swearing is as universal as sin. Just as every race and individual makes use of some stimulant, whether it be tobacco or gossip, pugilism or sermon-hunting, dram-drinking or morning calls, so all of us, whether pious or wicked, habitually swear in some of the thousand fashions which lie open to the wit or the stupidity of man. And if, under the guidance of geology, we look first at the lower strata of curses, and then go up through the developing complexity of the fossils which have been left by the prodigious mass of dead execration, we shall see such oneness of type as Professor Huxley would reveal in the several remains of a reptile, a gorilla, and a President of the British Association. From that primitive type of oath which lacks a central organism, and might seem to have been created by chance, we ascend by slow and painful steps to oaths which are as highly organized as human life, and in which a reverential student would discern a subtle unity of design, an exquisite adaptation of means to ends, and a principle of development into higher forms of what Hood would have called cursery existence. On those specimens of imprecation, a psychologist might exhaust his subtlety by showing that it had needed ages to amass the elements of the soil in which they grow, and the Natural Selection of other ages to weed out from a whole family of kindred oaths the precise type which would best withstand the conditions of imprecatory life. And if, to use the language of philosophers, we look deep enough, we shall see that all oaths find a

common root, not in any passion for profanity, or in any desperate wickedness of heart, but in the difficulty, common to all men, of saying what they mean by words at once new in form, and exact in scope and force of suggestion. Without a passion for profanity, it may doubtless be impossible to breed the higher types of swearing, and it is certainly true that on reaching the æsthetics of imprecation, we must seek the fertilizing elements in subtle conditions of soil and culture; but all oaths, we repeat, find a common genesis in the inability of men to express what they mean with precision, and with the requisite force. Men swear for the reason that children scream,—because they lack a command of words, and because an oath, like a loud cry, has often the force of a whole sentence. Essentially, therefore, the genesis of profane swearing belongs to the province of the psychologist or the rhetorician, and not to that of the theologian. Hence profane swearing must be put down, not by sermons, but by lessons in correct thinking and good writing.

If we approach the discussion in the scientific spirit for which we are indebted to the example of *La Philosophie Positive*, we shall find that oaths do not stand by themselves in the hierarchy of moral science, but are generally related to every form of unscientific expression. When an illiterate Irishman answers a summons for the payment of his rent with the threat that, "by Saint Patrick," he will let daylight through his landlord's head, he means of course, to use the most potent form of words within the compass of his vocabulary. But outside the range of imprecation, his armoury of phrases is small and ill-furnished. The bald statement of the fact, that he means to shoot his landlord would, he feels, be as feeble and prosaic as the mandate of a bank cheque, "Pay John Smith, Esq., or bearer, the sum of one hundred pounds sterling;" and, discerning the weakness of such a phrase, an Irishman would like to make the cheque emphatic by adding a threat and an oath; so that the summons to the banker would run thus:—"If you don't pay the money, then by Saint Patrick, I will shoot you the next time I am in town." Now here, as Mr. Mill would say, the appeal to Saint Patrick "connotes" a profound store of inarticulate resolution. What the Irishman means to imply is something like this:—"Saint Patrick is the patron saint of the island that owns me. He is the symbol, both of my own land and of that heavenly guardianship which, despite

the base Saxon, has made the Green Isle the first country on earth, and her people the flower of the human race. Saint Patrick is my special saint, the only saint whom I can couple with the solemnities of the shillelagh or potheen. Hence, when I call Saint Patrick to witness that I will shoot my landlord or my banker, I offer the attestation of all those elements of my nature which are religious and Irish; I mean to say that I will keep my word, as surely as I believe in Saint Patrick and belong to the Green Isle."

Such, when analyzed, is the assurance conveyed by the Hibernian oath. A clever and cultivated Irishman might, indeed, condense the whole chain of threat into the compass of an epigram; which should be novel in form and should reveal the full force of the menacing resolution; but, as such a feat of rhetoric lies beyond the powers of the ordinary Celt, he invokes the aid of an oath. The oath saves him from the trouble of thinking with clearness, and expressing his meaning with precision. It is a symbol which vaguely gives emphasis. Oaths, therefore, have justly been called the italics of the vulgar. When a young lady wishes to make any part of a letter particularly emphatic, she feels that her command over the forms of rhetoric is too small to convey the requisite force; so she follows the example of the Irishman, and resorts to a mechanical device, by underscoring the words on which she means the reader to lay special stress. That is the fashion in which she swears. Hence, the quantity of imprecation in the epistles of pious and half-educated young ladies is appalling. And even professional men of letters often betray a like inability to say what they mean without resorting to such vague symbols as the "Saint Patrick" of the illiterate Hibernian, or the underscoring of the boarding-school miss. A good writer shuns all hackneyed or loose verbal forms. Feeling that his thoughts cannot be fitted into the moulds left by the usage of the streets or the school, he strives after forms of phrase which shall strike the mind by freshness of lineament, and convey a precisely accurate impression by a nice adjustment of syllable and clause. Hence De Quincey has the warrant of justice for saying, that the masters of precise thought and rhetoric will be sparing of quotation from the writings of other men, since they can seldom meet even with an approximation towards a correct utterance of thought or feeling so individual and so sharply cut as their own. Bad writers, on the contrary, are

never quite sure what they mean, and so they seem to choose their phrases at random, or to take the first word that comes to their pen. They lack that delicacy of eye for the subtleties of rhetoric which impels a master of style to cast aside a thousand types of expression, and choose a special phrase, at the bidding of an instinct as mysterious and infallible as that delicacy of ear which tells a violinist when his instrument is a thousandth part of a note out of tune. And when they seek to be emphatic, they are forced to make use of symbols at once vague and worn; they appeal to their faith in St. Patrick; that is, they swear. Thus, great part of the writing in which the poor British public must seek its thought is only the unconscious swearing of half-lettered men. A like infirmity of expression makes the French people habitually resort to what we may call oaths of gesticulation. Their distinctive mark as talkers is their inability to speak for five minutes without shrugging their shoulders. None but a Frenchman, or rather Frenchwoman, can raise the shoulders with that quick, graceful jerk, and lift the eyebrows with that air of bland bewilderment, and cover the face with that air of baffled wisdom, which constitute the shrug of good society. Some future Darwin, when tracing the genesis of national manners, will expend volumes to prove that, just as ages were needed for the transformation of monkeys into men, so it took ages of breeding to give that special pliancy of fibre, that litheness of muscle, that sensitiveness of nerve, which we find revealed in the capacity to condense a sentence or a page into an epigram of gesticulation. Yet the shrug belongs to the same family as the oath, since it substitutes a mechanical form of expression for that constantly changing and essentially individual device of phrase which demands precision of thought and style. When a Frenchman is asked why Bazaine has not gone away from Metz in a balloon to organize the Gardes Mobiles, why the Franc-tireurs do not cut to pieces the railway-lines on the way from Paris to the Rhine, or why Victor Hugo fancies that he can save France by marks of exclamation, the puzzled listener shrugs his shoulders, and thus implies, "The thing is unaccountable, monsieur; the plans of M. Gambetta are as inscrutable as the functions of the east wind; Fate seems to have cursed *La Belle France*, and the situation is execrable." An Englishman or an American would answer such a question by letting off a heavy oath, just as, when the safety-valve is



lifted, an engine lets off steam. Yet the profane exclamation would mean no more than the shrug of the Frenchman. He swears with his shoulders, while his less refined neighbours swear with their mouths. Of course, he is also enriched with an armoury of verbal oaths, which he wields with much more effect than he has recently handled the Chassepôt; but that armoury is only an auxiliary force, and his inexhaustible store of shrugs gives him a command over the resources of imprecation, to which, as Macaulay would have said, the history of profane swearing presents no parallel.

If men swear at all, they ought to swear well. We mean, not that they should swear profusely, but that they should aim at originality and variety of style. In this respect, our own labouring classes, and especially our railway navigators, betray a lack of originality and culture, which we beseech Mr. Foster to keep in view when he revises his great Elementary Education Act. A group of railway labourers will, on pay night, expend more oaths than any like number of men throughout the world, with the exception, perhaps, of those Americans in the Far West whose profuse execration has drawn forth the homage of Sir Charles Dilke. Nevertheless, the group of our swearing countrymen stands on the lowest step of the ladder of imprecation. Their stock in trade is so scanty that they are forced to use the same oath a thousand times in the course of an evening. They would be made bankrupt, dumb, and respectable if one could steal the beggarly array of profane ammunition which they themselves have stolen from the swearing generations of the past, and now discharge in monotonous volleys. They are like a gang of sham musicians whose only instrument is a big drum, and who beat it incessantly to make up by volume of sound for the want of variety. A cultivated man ought to be so moved to pity by the mental poverty of such swearers, that, instead of wasting his time in urging them not to swear, he would politely let them know how much richness and force and picturesque variety they might add to their style by studying the masters of imprecation. Nay, if he were filled with the spirit of charity, he might even supply the poor wretches with a few such oaths as any man of education or mental vigour should be able to invent on the spur of the moment. And, to use the language of the morning newspapers, we have reason to believe that the poverty of invention displayed by the railway labourers is a subject of grave

anxiety to their employers. We have high authority for stating that the place of "gaffer," or superintendent of a gang, is given only to men with a large command of oaths; nay, that the employers are so exacting as to require the "gaffer" to swear, not only with profusion, but with originality. He must not only keep in stock a large supply of old oaths, but be able to mint new ones. He must be gifted with the faculty of invention. He must, in his way, be a man of genius. Although that may seem a heavy condition to exact for 25s. a week, it has, nevertheless, been framed with a nice regard for what thinkers could call the limitations of the navigator's perceptive faculty. The language of profanity is his mother tongue, and he learns to use the terms of decorous speech with as much difficulty as other men learn to speak Parisian French. He speaks, until the end of his days, a *patois* of profanity; so, if the people of the "Inferno" talk with undiluted purity of imprecation, the Bismarck of that region has as much right to annex the navigator as Germany has to annex Alsace and Lorraine. For the same reason, the words used by the mass of people bring no idea to his mind unless their latent meaning be illuminated by a blaze of blasphemy. Or, just as Professor Tyndall says that light is made visible by floating on the "rafts" of organic matter that fill the atmosphere, so the "daylight" of a command or a precept is revealed to the mind of the navigator only when it is held up by the rafts of profanation. And, just as Professor Tyndall has cast across a stream of light "the darkness of stellar space," by burning the organic particles in the heat of a spirit-lamp, so the oath-rafts of the "gaffer" are quickly consumed in the flame of hourly usage, and the navigator would be left in Egyptian gloom if his chief did not cast into the atmosphere a new flood of imprecatory organisms. Or, to come down from the heights of philosophical phraseology to the level of common speech, old oaths lose their force, and if the gaffer don't invent new ones, the men won't mind him a bit.

In England, there is little or no chance that swearing will improve in style, because the art has now been cast aside by men of education, and has been left to the illiterate and the profane. In such countries as Italy, on the other hand, the art has been saved from decline by the past piety of the Italian people, and by the exceptionally rich deposits of theological or mythological tradition. An Italian peasant can swear by any one of the thousand

saints with whom he has been made acquainted by the Church, and some of whom the Church has borrowed from Heathendom; so that he blasphemes with a strength borrowed from the piety of all past ages. An English peasant, on the contrary, knows nothing about saints, those of England having all been killed three hundred years ago by Henry VIII.; and thus the poor fellow is thrown back on the resources of his own wit. So also, it is true, are the people of America, who left all saints and other relics of Popery behind them when they set sail in the Mayflower to make themselves subject to the Constitution of the United States, and who have subsequently discouraged the manufacture of Saints, lest such a branch of industry should menace Republican institutions. But for the lack of a hagiology America has more than made up by the mental activity of her people, and by the culture of the men who lead her swearing population. While England has left the art of imprecation to cabmen, coalheavers, and men who go to music-halls, America still commits it to her lawyers, senators, and regular attendants at church. A citizen of the United States finds a command over the resources of profane speech compatible with a fervent profession of faith in Roman Catholicism or Unitarianism. And even when men have been educated at Harvard, when they have listened to the lectures of Mr. Lowell, and when their scholastic culture would escape reproach in England, they resort to the emphasis of imprecation. Thus the swearing of America, and especially that of the South and that of the Far West, displays an originality of conception and a variety of image for which we look in vain when the emphasis of oaths is merely the last refuge of ignorance. Indeed, it might plausibly be argued that if America would devote as much vigour of mind and skill of phrase to writing as to profane swearing, a single generation would suffice to take away the reproach that she is destitute of a great literature. She wastes in vague curses the vocabulary of a Shakespeare. Preachers might also find fault with the habit on the ground that to blaspheme is as wicked as to steal; but, obeying the dictate of Auguste Comte, we dispense with the guidance of the theological spirit, and we criticise the Trans-Atlantic habit of imprecation on the ground that it betrays a want of real culture and precision of mind, that it fosters looseness of thought, and that it proclaims a whole nation so to lack the faculty of exact expression as to be

dependent for emphasis on the machinery of italics. The Americans obey one literary canon by swearing well; but they sin against a greater literary canon by swearing at all. To America there will come a day in which the school of religion and the school of rhetoric will work so harmoniously that a senator or a member of Mr. Beecher's church will deem it as degrading to use an oath as to make a slip in grammar. Imprecations will some day be as rare as inelegancies of style.

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From The Saturday Review.

ROBINSON'S WILD GARDEN.\*

It is impossible not to admire the importunity with which Mr. Robinson reiterates his appeal to the British horticultural public to exhibit a more catholic spirit than that evinced in the prevailing fashion, and to give up estimating the degrees of perfection in a garden by the costliness and rarity of the subjects cultivated therein. We compass sea and land to get the pick of tropical plants for our conservatories. We amass pelargoniums, verbenas, heliotropes for bedding out in our flowerbeds; but it is seemingly beyond the powers of persuasion even of an enthusiastic and interesting writer like Mr. Robinson to induce his countrymen to cast a loving eye on the wildings of nature that bloom around our rides and drives, and that might with advantage be domesticated in our shrubberies; or, as an advance on that first step in the direction of sweet simplicity, to introduce to them some of the many kindred plants of Alpine and Northern regions which, if naturalized in our climate, would form a charming addition to the flowrets that do us eye-service. That "bedding-out" is well enough in its way, however costly and recurrent the process of producing and preserving myriads of exotics for annual summer decoration, nobody pretends to gainsay; what strikes the reflecting mind with wonder, and invites a curl of the lip in the visage of the sarcastic man, is that beauty ready to the hand is passed over, and that health and freshness of vegetation are postponed to the novel charms of delicate strangers, on much the same principle that makes us

\* *The Wild Garden; or, Our Groves and Shrubberies made Beautiful by the Naturalization of Hardy Exotic Plants: with a Chapter on the Garden of British Wild Flowers.* By W. Robinson, Author of "Alpine Flowers for English Gardens. London: John Murray. 1870.

visit foreign lands without having made acquaintance with our own. Nor is this really a result of enlarged knowledge and sympathies, but quite the reverse. As Mr. Robinson casually mentions, "Behind Sir Joseph Paxton's fine house at Chatsworth there is a little private garden, and the shrubbery that encloses this exhibits an abundance of the 'willow herb' (*Epilobium angustifolium*), planted there by Paxton, who, though he enjoyed the noblest tropical plants near at hand in the great conservatory and Victoria Regia house, was yet keenly alive to the charms of this fine native plant." So, too, we read that Linnæus singled out for his favourite, in the floral world which he knew so well and widely, the distinct and simply pretty little *Linnæa borealis*, a plant not hard to come by, and for growing which with success three ways are given in detail in pp. 196-7. And another instance that, in the eyes of those who have widest experience of the floras of all regions, familiarity does not breed contempt of our home flowers of the field and shrubbery, may be cited from Mr. Wallace, the traveller and naturalist, who avers that "during twelve years spent amidst the grandest tropical vegetation he has seen nothing comparable to the effect produced on our landscapes by gorse, broom, heather, wild hyacinths, hawthorn and buttercups."

The object of Mr. Robinson's present work is, however, not simply to preach a crusade against the monopoly of our public and private garden-grounds by rare and costly exotics—a monopoly likely to be rampant when millionaires boast of having fifteen gardeners who never touch a spade—but to give practical advice where and how to find space for the claims of our native flora and its harder Alpine kindred, in gardens of real taste. And whilst the second part of the volume gives a methodical list of hardy exotics for naturalization, arranged in families with every particular of growth, colour, time of bloom, favourite habitat, and mode of propagation, and the third consists of selected lists for naturalization in various positions—*e.g.*, under specimen trees on lawns, on bare and close-grassed banks, on hedge-mounds and in bushy places, as fringes to cascades, or as clothing for rock and ruin; the fourth part, entitled the "Garden of British Wild Flowers," goes pleasantly through the lists of the floral tenants of the soil which are to range side by side with their foreign cousins. But one pervading thought in the whole of the *Wild Garden* is the novelty in the *locus in quo*. In the old botanic

gardens, in the herbaceous beds which modern fashion has not quite expelled with its summary fork, Mr. Robinson would still find a place for many of his flower clients. But he is possessed with an idea that their proper, characteristic, and chosen field is the wild and semi-wild parts of the shrubbery or drive, the old-fashioned wilderness that is rarely if ever subjected to the scythe, the dear old nooks and corners where *nullo cultu*, so to speak, the mallows "look for the growing of another year." Taking his cue from nature's gardens in every wood and copse, he proposes to coax the wealth of wild-flower that is in them into the precincts of lawn and shrubbery, and to supplement it by the Alpine additions before referred to. He will locate them where they will do best and look best, last longest, and yield the most delight to the general eye, and the most food for study and observation to the naturalist and acclimatist. Thus he would colonize some rough semi-wild garden slope with the Nepalese and Southern Europe clematises, in company with honeysuckles, wild-roses, and other British and foreign creepers. In woodland and shrubbery walks he would arrange that we should be arrested, not merely by the two indigenous forget-me-nots with which most people are familiar, but by the deep blue *Omphalodes verna*, and the tall and pendulous-flowered Caucasian comfrey, the blue of which is kept from undue predominance by the white of the Oriental, and the deep crimson of the Bohemian, congeners. For growing spring bulbs too he would claim unmown spots, where blue Appenine anemones, snowdrops, crocuses, scillas, grape hyacinths, wood anemones, and spring violets and winter aconites, should, after careful planting, annually present a rarer sight to poet or artist than could be compassed "by man and his mudlings with the earth, and his exceeding weakness for tracing wall-paper patterns" (p. 23). Anemones, ranunculi, and globe-flowers ("the lucken gowans frae the bog" commemorated in the "Gentle Shepherd") would find their part in Mr. Robinson's arrangement—a foreign variety often claiming the first place, but not seldom a double variety of some indigenous plant, such as the marsh marigold, being preferred. For the delphinium, or "larkspur" tribe, our author has a high appreciation, and suggests as their peculiar excellence their strong, tall habit, which enables them to parade their diverse shades of blue even in the midst of long grasses and of vigorous weeds. Those

who have read Mr. Robinson's *Alpine flowers* will recollect his vigorous onslaught against "digging over" borders and shrubbery beds. In his revolutionary programme all the trouble is to centre in the first planting; there must be no after-maturing or digging, no laying down and taking up, but a planned system of things as they are to be for a half-score of years, a graduation of evergreen and dwarf subjects in the rear, with margin of green or variegated cushioning to the fore. A little weeding, thinning, and top-dressing is all the outlay of labour to be expended after the first.

"Very pretty and very simple," we hear our readers exclaiming; "but what will the gardeners say?" There is the rub indeed, and it would not surprise us to hear that they discover an increase of trouble and labour in Mr. Robinson's nature-suggested system, seeing that it will call for play of mind and thought, and demand the exercise of real taste. So far as our experience goes, most of them undervalue book-knowledge, which is not indeed everything, but which is eminently helpful when a practical man like our author devotes the gift of clearness and arrangement that is in him to making the way plain for the novice. But nothing can be plainer than our author's arrangements of Parts II. and III., in connexion with each other, with a view to gardeners possessing an ample list of hardy exotics to naturalize, and from that list being able to tell off choice and picked selections for every variety of soil and every configuration of ground. Hints how to get a stock to start with from old cottage-garden borders, from forming nursery beds in a by-place, from division and cuttings, and from diligent study of spring catalogues and seed-lists, preface the "selections for naturalization," which are best planted in spring, and as to which it is the soundest wisdom to suit your plants to your soil rather than *vice versa*. One of the lists to which the author has prefixed a few illustrative observations is that "of plants to be naturalized under specimen trees on lawns." As regards these, he advises dotting down spring flowers here and there at the utmost points of the lower branches of conifers and evergreens, whilst under deciduous trees he would place flowers which mature their foliage and go to rest early in the year, and which in such a situation would find light and sun in spring, with a cool canopy in summer. For example, the winter aconite may send a spreading little colony to find shelter un-

der a weeping mountain elm; the Apennine anemone, the snowflake, the triteleia, may each plant a busy, bright, ever increasing family under other trees; and so — or, if it please the eye better, by the blending of subjects of diverse colour, or of tall subjects with dwarf — the spring garden may be rendered unspeakably attractive. Among the most interesting selections for naturalization are those which enumerate "ornamental grasses" and "aquatic plants," for it is impossible to gauge the added beauty of which our lawns and lake-margins are susceptible through a little taste and experience in the use of these; but we are more bound to notice, what looks like a silent concession to prejudice, the list for naturalization in lawns that are frequently mown (p. 153). It is necessarily limited to plants that grow and flower very early, and such circumscribed fashion of tuft or foliage as will not injure the turf. Even so, however, grass-cutting and rolling must be left later than usual, and the plan is not the best, but a *dernier ressort* where the gardener is more or less master. Among this list figure *Galanthus plicatus* and *nivalis*, *Leucojum vernum* (snowflake), *Scilla bifolia* and *sibirica*, *Anemone blanda*, *Narcissus minor*, *crocus* in variety, and one or two other introduced plants. Another list meets the case of dotting over grass *seldom* or *late* mown. But the cream of Mr. Robinson's book is in his last chapter, which shows us the floral wealth which would still be ours were our insular prejudices to bar us from foreign intercourse and imports, or were we reduced to so poor a condition as to have to fall back on our indigenous supplies. It is a dioramic view of our "wildings of nature" such as very few persons are sufficiently alive to, except the botanists, who only know them to dry them and press them. Out of these, pleads our author, a hardy garden of British plants might be formed which to refined taste might be perfectly charming, and which with a little care might embrace not only the commoner wild-flowers but the delicate and touchy native orchids.

Stamped with their insect imagery,  
Gnat, fly, and butterfly, and bee.

These Mr. Robinson has domesticated with perfect success by gentle removal from their wild haunts, and firm, effectual re-planting in their new abodes, which, it should be added, need a little adaptation of soil to the conditions of the orchid's origin (see p. 229). But, short of such crowning successes, it is no small thing to stud the semi-wild nooks and walks of our

home range with less coy flowers of the field—the wood and pasque anemones, the harebells, the vernal and marsh gentians, the catch-fly and dianthus of the pink tribe, the rest-harrow and yellow-sickle medick, the dwarf bird's-foot trefoil, and two kinds of vetch, the rarer lilies and poppies. In truth we may be only recurring to an old idea in thus doing. According to Messrs. Trimen and Dyer's very able and exhaustive *Flora of Middlesex*, the "pheasant's eye" (*Adonis autumnalis*) was at one time a favourite garden annual, cried in the streets under the name of "Red Morocco," and the same writers seem to regard the Delphinium consolida, or larkspur, and the Aconitum napellus (monkshood), as not truly wild, but of garden origin. The latter is as well kept out of shrubberies or flower-beds near which children play, though we scarcely think that the childish attraction towards it arises out of any so definite theory of resemblance as that of its "nectaries and side petals to a chariot drawn by doves." This is, however, stated by Miss Pratt, in her larger *Flowering Plants, &c.* Probably there are many others of the flowers now growing wild which have in time past been tenants of the old-fashioned garden, and in their case, at any rate, it will be found that history repeats itself.

Mr. Robinson's wild-flower chapter will be found to contain hints for the domestication and utilization of nature's floral riches in divers ways. For the formation of the most agreeable of bowers he would have us wed to the oak, or to any sufficient trunk or frame, the Clematis vitalba, or "traveller's joy," the sole indigenous representative of the "bush ropes" of tropical woods. All that is needed is to push its thick festoons a little apart; and, as he elsewhere shows, our common hop (*Humulus lupulus*) will answer a like purpose. On the materials for a fernery ready to our hands he does not waste words, because fashion has set so distinctly in that direction that it is supererogatory to repeat the information of a score of manuals. But he has a word for their curious allies or doubles, the equisetums, one of which (*telmateia*), in rich soils and shady spots, will grow to four feet high, and another (*E. sylvaticum*) to two feet; these he would introduce, for comparison and contrast, in every spot set apart for fern-growing. Besides these he has a whole list of fine indigenous water-plants, of diverse size, colour, and beauty, to embellish our pond-banks, lake-margins, and water-surfaces, and for striking effect on the lawn and on the greensward he

shows what material we possess in the rather large native grass family. "Some of these grasses, now seen in a garden, are worthy of being grown for dinner-table decorations, to which they would add as much grace as any costly exotics" (p. 236).

Enough has perhaps been said to recommend this healthy and well-directed book. We must not, however, omit one prime use of it. It will sharpen the eye of dwellers in the country for the wild flora that adds a charm to their walks and rides. It will tend, too, to increase the number of intelligent conservators of our wild plants. No one who has perused Mr. Robinson's book attentively will be found encouraging rude collectors, by a prize-system, to uproot and exterminate the rarest wild-flowers from, it may be, their only habitats. "The system," he remarks in p. 205, *à propos* of the practice of the Brighton Horticultural Society, "is bad, root and branch." We are inclined to discriminate, and to say "root especially." It would be well if all country folks, gentle and simple, were to inform themselves by such books as that before us what wild-flowers are rare and what abundant; and, with reference to gentle handling of both kinds, to bear in mind the appeal of Lyte, a sweet minor poet and hymnist:—

Oh spare this flower! thou know'st not what  
Thy undiscerning hand would tear,  
A thousand charms thou notest not  
Lie treasured there.  
Not Solomon in all his state  
Was clad like nature's simplest child:  
Nor could the world combined create  
One flowret wild.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S LAY SERMONS.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S volume is explained by its title so far as form is concerned; and everybody who knows his name is of course aware that in his sermons and addresses it is science which he expounds, and the study of which he enforces upon the world. Most people are also aware that he brings to it all the attractions of a lucid and animated style, and of a mind fully possessed with the importance of the subjects he treats. Whatever may be the sum of his scepticism on other points, on this he is a firm and fond believer. Nothing can exceed the warmth and intensity of his faith in the advantages of scientific training. His longing is to train every child in the principles of sci-



tific thought; to make its education begin with "general views of the phenomena of nature," and to procure that "no boy or girl should leave school without possessing a grasp of the general character of science, and without having been disciplined, more or less, in the methods of all the sciences." This is how he expounds his plan of education:—

"I conceive the proper course to be somewhat as follows: To begin with, let every child be instructed in those general views of the phenomena of nature, for which we have no exact English name. The nearest approximation to a name for what I mean, which we possess, is 'Physical Geography.' The Germans have a better, *Erdkunde* (earth-knowledge or 'Geology' in its etymological sense), that is to say, a general knowledge of the earth, and what is on it, in it, and about it. If any one who has had experience of the ways of young children will call to mind their questions, he will find that, so far as they can be put into any scientific category, they come under the head of *Erdkunde*. The child asks, 'What is the moon, and why does it shine?' 'What is this water, and where does it run? What is the wind? What makes the waves in the sea? Where does this animal live? and what is the use of this plant?' And if not snubbed and stunted by being told not to ask foolish questions, there is no limit to the intellectual craving of a young child, nor any bounds to the slow but solid accretion of knowledge and development of the thinking quality in this way. To all such questions, answers which are necessarily incomplete, though true as far as they go, may be given by any teacher whose ideas represent real knowledge and not mere book-learning; and a panoramic view of nature, accompanied by a strong infusion of the scientific habit of mind, may thus be placed within the reach of every child of nine or ten.

"After this preliminary opening of the eyes to the great spectacle of the daily progress of nature, as the reasoning faculties of the child grow, and he becomes familiar with the use of the tools of knowledge—reading, writing, and elementary mathematics—he should pass on to what is in the more strict sense physical science. Now there are two kinds of physical science: the one regards form and the relation of forms to one another; the other deals with causes and effects. In many of what we term our sciences, those two kinds are mixed up together; but systematic botany is a pure example of the former kind, and physics of the latter kind of science. Every educational advantage which training in physical science can give, is obtainable from the proper study of these two; and I should be contented for the present if they, added to our *Erdkunde*, furnished the whole of the scientific curriculum of our schools."

Now there can be no doubt that in all this there is a great deal that is admirable,

and would be of the greatest advantage as training; but to whom is it to be applied? Children in the country are, as we all know, distinguished from those in town by many of the very particulars here specified. The country boy asks—"Where does this animal live, and what is the use of this plant?" and either by actual investigation or diligent inquiry, in a great many cases finds it out, though not at school, and is able to explain the matter to persons much better instructed in other ways than himself. But how is the town child to be made acquainted with it at all? He sees no animal but the domestic mouse, concerning the habits of which he can be curious. A bit of trodden-down or sun-scorched grass, or a geranium in a pot, are probably all that he knows of plants. Running water is not familiar to him, and he has never seen the waves of the sea. If he could be taught botany, it would be so good for him in every way—it would benefit his health so much, and open up to him such a new world of sky, and air, and green fields, that we should be quite happy to admit botany to be the first of sciences if Mr. Huxley chooses. But how is it to be done? In what way is the town child, the little denizen of the streets, the grand difficulty of all educationalists, to be brought into immediate contact with nature? And even if we ascend the social scale, and come to the sons of the well-to-do townspeople, whose children are educated at home or at local schools, how, we repeat, is this scientific training to be made possible? Emphatically Mr. Huxley says it is not to be book-learning. "If the great benefits of scientific training are sought, it is essential that such learning should be real; that is to say, that the mind of the scholar should be brought into direct relation with the fact, that he should not merely be told a thing, but made to see by the use of his own intellect and ability that the thing is so, and not otherwise." But the *Erdkunde* would be a veiled goddess to the boys of London, and still more of Manchester or Glasgow. The *Stadtkunde* would be more practicable for them, and more instructive, though we doubt much whether it would be as beneficial. This difficulty seems to stand at the very doorway of those physical sciences which, we are told, and are not disinclined to believe, would be of so much advantage to the training of the next generation. Unless we can get that new generation out of the homes it at present inhabits—unless we can separate it from those fathers and mothers who know nothing

ing about science, and make it the child of the State, and introduce it into some region where grass grows and not paving-stones—how are we to bring it within touch and sight of nature? We cannot tell. Museums, we suppose (great as is our personal hatred of them), might to some small extent make it possible—but to a very small extent, we fear. Indeed it appears to us that for a poor street-boy, or even for a street-boy not emphatically poor, though not sufficiently rich to have himself transported out of the streets, the cultivation of *Erkunde*, and such sciences as botany and geology, would be about as difficult as the cultivation of the science of medicine is to women. Here and there a highly energetic, enterprising, vigorous student would force his way—the mass only could and would remain behind.

We are, however, so much disposed to believe that training of this description would be of great advantage to our children, that we are very sorry to have Mr. Huxley's opinion added as to the reason why it would be of advantage. Its great aim, according to his exposition, is to encourage thought by encouraging doubt. Its advantage is that it entirely rejects authority. "Especially tell him" (*i.e.* the child) "that it is his duty to doubt until he is compelled by the absolute authority of nature to believe that which is written in books. Pursue this discipline carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which you have poured into the boy's mind, you have created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life." "The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority as such," he says in another place. "For him scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith is the one unpardonable sin." With all deference to Mr. Huxley, we doubt whether the inculcation of this principle would be of "priceless value" to our boys and girls. Probably about fossils, yes—and about that exhilarating exercise of "building up old bones" into the form of extinct animals which he proposes as a refreshment to his higher classes; but in other regions, and those more immediately interesting to the human creature as such, we have great doubts whether this rule of doubting till one is compelled to believe would be at all a salutary rule. And it would be very difficult to train a child or a youth into exact knowledge of the boundary-line between those domains in which it is his highest duty to be a sceptic, and those in

which it is his highest duty to be a believer. There are such spheres, however, even excluding that one of religion, which Professor Huxley altogether ignores. It is well that a boy should be trained to believe in, not to doubt, his fellow-man; to believe in truth, honour, and justice, as veritably existing, though he will find at every hand abundant evidence against them; and to yield, if not a blind faith, at least a most respectful ear to many voices which have won for themselves the right to speak with authority. And if that Science which inculcates doubt as "an intellectual habit of priceless value" is to be the foundation of all education, we sadly fear that its pupils will be a graceless, lawless, undesirable race. Happily it is an impossibility; and we are ready to back human nature with its natural affections, its natural trust, its irrepressible imagination and hope, against any amount of scientific training procurable; especially as we are perfectly convinced that our scientific friend, carefully trained to be sceptical of everything, would, the chances are, fall quite as ready a victim to a telegram, and would believe as undoubtingly in Count Bismark's explanations, as the greatest simpleton of us all.

We do not attempt to touch upon the remarkable paper reprinted in this volume, and which made so great a commotion at the time of its first publication, which, is entitled the "Physical Basis of Life," and which discusses that basis under the name of protoplasm, not without a sinister and gruesome suggestion that the movements within ourselves which we think spiritual,—the emotions which poor mankind have dressed up in such robes of poetry, and which seem to throw something of celestial light upon the meanest clay—are mere nerve-impulses produced by the fantastic motion of certain granules floating in a certain liquid which lines us all over, and in which the innermost principle of our life abides. Mr. Huxley does not say that he himself believes this, but only darkly indicates it, as an abyss before us into which philosophers may find themselves precipitated some day in pursuance of their search for truth. It is a poor inducement, certainly, to continue that search; and we are much disposed to cry out to the man of science on the brink, with all the energy of which we are capable, an earnest and indeed agonized "Don't!" Supposing it were so, and that love was found to be a mere current of granules one way, and anger and indignation a tide in another direction, we frankly

admit that, for our own part, we would much rather not know it. This is very unscientific, we are aware; but we think it is natural, and even Professor Huxley shrinks from following his investigations so far. When he comes to that dismal bourne he stops short, and utters a sudden exclamation against the folly of troubling ourselves about matters of which we know nothing, and can know nothing. It still seems to our unscientific mind, however, as if even this black shadow of absolute materialism looked more dreadful in its shrouding horror of darkness than it is in reality; for beyond the granules still there must be some influence which moves them—something which turns the tide one way or another. And what is it? "It may be true," Mr. Huxley tells us, "that the thoughts to which I am now giving vent, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expansion of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena." But what, then, causes the molecular changes? To that question there is no reply.

These are, however, matters upon which we do not pretend to enter, being as it were, in the seat of the unlearned, and putting forth no pretensions to scientific knowledge. But there is one question we should like to put—not to Mr. Huxley, but to the reader. Kindest of listeners, give your mind to this question, and resolve it for us. One of the sermons in this volume is upon "A Piece of Chalk," and of that piece of chalk Professor Huxley discourses as follows:—

"I weigh my words well when I assert that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which any carpenter carries in his breeches-pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely—if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results—to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature."

Mr. Huxley then goes on to tell the story of the chalk. It is formed of carbonic acid and quicklime, resolvable into them, but not by any means producible out of them. It is the production of the *globigierina*, a marine creature, the innumerable skeletons of which form at the present moment the slimy bottom of the great Atlantic. Consequently our chalky cliffs and the "irregular oval about three thousand miles in long diameter," in which all the chalk countries are enclosed, including part of England, France, Ireland, Den-

mark, the Crimea, and Spain, was once a deep-sea bottom—gradually heaved upward, driven down again, subjected to countless changes. Here is, however, the sum of its history in little in his own words:—

"Thus there is a writing upon the wall of cliffs at Cromer, and whose runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority that cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up, and remained dry land until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game whose spoils have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said, but the 'whirligig of time brought about its revenges' in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder-clay. Sea beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned."

This is the story which Professor Huxley sets against the history, not of England only, but of the world. Gentle reader, note the contrast well. Look back along the long perspective. Yonder far trains of primeval patriarchs on the Eastern plains—yonder Homeric crowds—all the splendour of ancient vitality, the wisdom, the song, the arts; then Judea, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and the history of those things which befell there; then the convulsions of the old world passing into the new—the growth and downfall of kingdoms—the noble lives and noble deaths—the mysterious, many-chaptered life of man, ever different, yet always the same;—the great cries of sorrow hundreds of years old which still thrill the air of to-day; the tales of supreme self-sacrifice, self-devotion, martyrdom, heroism, momentary triumph of badness over goodness, slow, gradual, oft-interrupted, yet real victory, through downfall and anguish, of goodness over badness. Look at all this. Recall the memories, too dear and sacred to be named in such an argument—the examples that are laid up in your hearts, the thoughts that move you, the songs that sing themselves through your prosaic life, and give it a celestial accompaniment of music that needs no voice; and then, when you have

done all this, turn back to Mr. Huxley's assertion—"The man who shall know the true history of the bit of chalk . . . is likely to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature!"

Strange madness! wonderful fanaticism! What can any reasonable creature say to it? And yet it is an eminently reasonable man who makes this extraordinary assertion, though we cannot but hope it was done in a moment of scientific aberration, when the very clear immediate light upon the bit of white clay in his hand had confused his perceptions of the world beyond. For it is not possible that Mr. Huxley can really think his lesson of long continuance, of wonderful physical revolution, and of the pettiness of the tenancy of man upon this old immemorial earth, can for a moment stand comparison with those records of millions of lives which are written upon every span of mortal soil. We, too, could grow maudlin over that bit of chalk. We could say: this senseless bit of calcareous matter, once tossed up from the bottom of the sea, and anon tossed down again—this plaything of those dumb volcanic forces which have no voice to our hearts or consciences, but only thunder in our ears and stifle us with smoke and confusion—this inanimate bit of matter, possibly lived for some myriads of years side by side with that other bit of chalk which, in Raphael's hands, outlined the Sistine Madonna, or that with which the first sketch, the earliest conception of Westminster, of Notre Dame, or York, or Chartres came into being. Man's relation to that Sistine Madonna, to Westminster, or York is, it seems to us, a great deal warmer and truer than his relation to the elephant's tooth in the drift; and, to our humble thinking, they throw a greater light upon the universe than whole shiploads of *glo-bigerina* or walruses wallowing in a universe where nothing yet was man.

With all this we do not for a moment pretend that Geology is not interesting in its way, or object to it as a branch of study. It is evidently not only interesting, but exciting, to the point of monomania, to its own sworn disciples; and we remember still the ache of strained attention with which, in the days of our youth, we attempted to excite our own interest

in a panoramic sketch—invested with all the glow of words and fervid eloquence which nature had given to that primitive man of genius,—by the late Hugh Miller, of the pre-human world, with all its strange beasts, its volcanoes, its ice and fire, its horrible solitudes and voicelessness. We were very young and very much ashamed of ourself when we found we could not do it; and the craning of our youthful neck to catch a glimpse, were it only round a corner, of some possible man or woman, Adam or Eve, of which we were conscious, filled us with a humiliating sense of utter unintellectualism and meanness of capacity. We wonder were Mr. Huxley's audience cleverer or more capable of enlightened interest? or did not some of them too sigh wistfully, and think they would rather have heard a little about that trifling transitory creature, man?

This curious absence of the faculty of comparison (shall we call it?) is one of the most wonderful characteristics of the scientific intelligence. The circulation of blood in the elephant or the walrus is no doubt as interesting as that which flows through man's smaller veins; the action of their protoplasm is as exciting (probably more so, in short, should trunk or tusk menace the investigator); their system of bones and muscles as wonderful. So far the palæontologist is free to say what he pleases; but will anybody assert or believe for a moment that the elephant himself is as interesting to us as the man is? When Science steps over this boundary-line, instead of wisdom she becomes folly; and why, having such a large sphere for the exercise of wisdom, she should choose to speak as a fool, is more than we can comprehend. In heaven's name, teach children, working men, anybody you please, as much about the Chalk, and the Drift, and the megatherium, as you have to tell them; but why stultify yourself and your information by the foolish pretence that your lifeless Drift and Chalk, your dry bones, your voiceless dumb creatures, can interest men and instruct them, and illuminate the universe for them, as do the vast stores of human experience, the records of toil, and love, and sorrow, the struggle upward of their own race? This is but to give us an amusing example, such as confounds the inquirer and strikes him dumb, of that grand anti-climax to which mind in its highest development is always liable,—the sudden step from the sublime to the ridiculous, the folly of the wise.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
GUN-COTTON FOR WAR PURPOSES.

THE true value of gun-cotton has at length been recognized; and it has been formally adopted to serve as an important military agent, and to play a prominent part in warfare by land and sea. It may therefore be worth while to recount the history of gun-cotton, for which years ago we prophesied great things.

The substance was discovered by Professor Schönbein, of Basle, in 1846. From that time until 1862 it rather retrograded than advanced in public favour. Its unpopularity culminated, perhaps, in 1847, when the terrible Faversham explosion occurred, by which twenty-two lives were lost. From that time its fate seemed to be decided in England. Nobody except chemists and public lecturers would hear of it or look at it. But in Austria some experiments were made on a considerable scale, and the substance was there introduced for military use, a large number of gun-cotton field-batteries being equipped. But a fresh disaster shortly led to its summary rejection in that country; and gun-cotton would by this time have been forgotten, probably, but for a captain in the Austrian artillery. To Baron von Lenk's untiring exertion is due the resuscitation of gun-cotton in 1862. Von Lenk through many years clung to the hope of the successful application of gun-cotton. His labours ultimately had at least one practical result. They taught the world how to make gun-cotton of a stable and uniform character—gun-cotton which would not explode spontaneously nor behave differently on different days. Von Lenk also elaborated a system of applying gun-cotton which was theoretically satisfactory but practically worthless. He endeavoured to control and regulate the violence of the explosion of the compound by treating it in the form of cotton yarn, which he plaited into twists of various degrees of density and tightness; thus diminishing or developing the rapidity of the explosion, as he professed, at will. This arrangement, though theoretically meritorious, proved a complete failure for artillery purposes. But the system of manufacture introduced by Von Lenk had the merit of rendering possible the further working out of the question of the application of the substance, and of keeping the subject alive. At this point Professor Abel, the Director of the Government Chemical Establishment at Woolwich, came upon the scene. He was the most energetic member of a committee, of which General Sabine was

president, which was appointed by the War Office in 1863 (on the representation of the British Association) to consider the question of gun-cotton. At that time it was intended, if possible, to work out and apply the Austrian system. But the radically defective character of that system soon became apparent. The substance, applied as Von Lenk proposed, failed completely for guns. It also failed utterly, in 1864, at the attempted demolition of the fortifications at Corfu. So that the committee was left with a mode of making gun-cotton but with no means of applying it. It was under these circumstances that Mr. Abel hit upon a valuable device for mechanically controlling the violence of the explosion. This device consisted simply in reducing the cotton-yarn, after its conversion into gun-cotton, into pulp—in exactly the same way and by means of precisely the same engines as are used for the reduction of rags into pulp for the manufacture of paper. This pulp can then be readily disposed in masses of any shape, size, and density that may be desired. It is a mere question of moulding the pulp thus obtained. It can be made into sheets of paper—indeed, Messrs. Prentice, of Stowmarket, have generally adopted this method for the production of their sporting gun-cotton cartridges, which are merely rolls of paper made from the gun-cotton pulp; or it can be made into hard solid compressed discs, or into granular particles to imitate in appearance a charge of gunpowder. Further, the pulping process admits of a ready reduction in the actual strength of the gun-cotton itself. The pulp may consist of pure gun-cotton, or a proportion of simple cotton may be introduced, to dilute the gun-cotton pulp, and so to modify the explosive power of the mass. This plan is resorted to in the manufacture of gun-cotton sporting cartridges, and is evidently more uniform and satisfactory than the rougher plan before in vogue of introducing a certain proportion of in-explosive cotton or paper into the completed gun-cotton cartridge to act as a diluent. Although the pulping process was originally resorted to mainly—if not entirely—with a view to readily controlling and modifying the action of gun-cotton for artillery purposes, it carries with it many incidental advantages. Thus pulped, gun-cotton is far more uniform than gun-cotton made in any other way. The adoption of the process has effected an immense improvement in the manufacture of gun-cotton as regards both rapidity



and thoroughness. Originally, the washing to which it is necessary to subject the gun-cotton to remove all trace of the free acids occupied about three weeks. It is now done in two days; and done far more effectively than under the old system, because the cotton, being broken up by the pulping engine into impalpable particles, becomes washed in the process of pulping through and through. Again, in place of having to employ long-fibred and costly cotton yarn the gun-cotton may be made from cotton waste, by which means a great economy is effected. Compressed gun-cotton is far safer than plaited gun-cotton, because although it can be burned as tinder or any other inflammable material will burn, it cannot, unless strongly confined, be exploded—except by means of detonation. The bulk of a given weight is, of course, immensely reduced, and, weight for weight, compressed gun-cotton occupies about the same space as gunpowder.

But perhaps the most important advantage of the pulping system is that it admits of the application of detonation to the explosion of gun-cotton; and by means of detonation not merely is the explosive violence of gun-cotton largely increased, but the force can be developed without the confinement of the substance which was before necessary. This discovery that compressed gun-cotton could be advantageously exploded in the open air by means of a detonating fuze constitutes another and a very important step in the progress of gun-cotton. It was made a few years ago by Mr. Brown, a gentleman attached to the Royal Chemical Establishment at Woolwich. This discovery and Mr. Abel's system of pulping and compressing gun-cotton go hand-in-hand. The one discovery has supplemented the other. Uncompressed gun-cotton cannot, when unconfined, be exploded by detonation. But compressed gun-cotton, if laid upon a block of granite or against a palisade, may be made by means of detonation to yield an explosive force sufficient to shiver the granite into atoms or to cut the palisade in two. The same charge of gun-cotton ignited in the usual manner burns innocently away. This is the substance—compressed gun-cotton pulp fired by means of a detonating fuze—which for the past few years has occupied the attention of the engineers at Chatham and the naval experimentalists at Portsmouth. The re-

sult of repeated experiments and careful inquiry has been the formal adoption of gun-cotton for military mining and destructive purposes, and for submarine defensive and offensive operations. A committee of engineer officers, of which Colonel Galloway is president, has pronounced decisively in favour of Abel's compressed gun-cotton for the demolition of stockades, buildings, and obstacles of all sorts, for the general purposes of military mining in peace and war, for the formation of breaches, and for the removal of wrecks, rocks, &c. Gun-cotton is equal to about five or six times its weight of gunpowder for most of these purposes; and it has the advantage of being absolutely inexplusive, except when confined in a stout case, or when purposely exploded by detonation; while it can be stored wet if desired, so much being dried from time to time as may be required for use. It is also considerably cheaper to use than gunpowder, and lighter to transport in the proportion of its superior power. Gun-cotton is not considered suitable for the attack and defence of countermined works, because the gases which are generated are likely to be injurious to the men working under-ground, and because the craters produced by gun-cotton in earth are inferior to those produced by powder.

For torpedo purposes the value of compressed gun-cotton has been for some years recognized. The torpedo committee decidedly recommended its use for all torpedo operations. A committee, of which Colonel Nugent, R.E., is president, is now, we understand, engaged in settling details of all questions relative to torpedoes, and in practically applying the recommendation of the late torpedo committee. The recent visits of the Secretary of State for War to Chatham to witness torpedo and mining operations, and the remarkable success which attended those experiments, gave an impetus to the whole subject; and we understand that the manufacture of compressed gun-cotton on a very large scale is at once to commence at the Government works at Waltham Abbey. It is with great satisfaction that we at last record the introduction of this valuable agent and the successful issue of the unwearied exertions of the distinguished English chemist to whom we may say we are indebted for the very existence of gun-cotton in this country.